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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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Maria Weston Chapman,
Edmund Quincy, } Editors.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

From the Albany Patriot.

THE SIAMESE TWINS.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison and N. P. Rogers have been denominated "the Siamese Twins" by abolitionists, but they made a mistake. Doctors have decided that the ligament that binds the Siamese Twins, Chang and Eng, cannot be cut safely. But the Abolition Twins have had their ligament cut, and they are farther apart than most men are, now.

He knew but little of Mr. Garrison who thought him *twin* to anything. He is not capable of *twinship*. He lives in himself, and never formed a friendship yet, and never will, that is not one of *convenience*. Those are his friends who *do* as he *says*; those his enemies who differ from him in the management of the anti-slavery enterprise. There is but one person on earth who has any real and direct influence over him. By *her* he is spell-bound. Her counsels have wrought his ruin; for we call that man *ruined* who casts away friends who have battled side by side with him, as one would marbles in sport.

Once, we thought highly of Mr. Garrison. We loved him truly, deeply. We, as our predecessors and successors to *his* favor, received unsought from him expressions of *regard*, as overwrought, as since we failed to bask in his smiles and be his servitor, we have had meted out undeserved expressions of contempt.

While Stanton, Leavitt, the Tappans, Gerrit Smith, A. Stewart, Beriah Green, W Goodell, were cast off, we clung to him, but at length the service was too hard. Mrs. Chapman spoke, and we were out of place. Around him still there gathered true hearts, and one by one their heads have fallen. The last illustrious victim has hardly settled into quiet, before N. P. Rogers, the left-hand twin, the *Eng* of the copartnership, finds himself "indelicately handled," and becomes of himself a *unit*. We have long thought this must be so. Whoever differed in opinion, not in principle—for principles they care not a straw for—but in policy, in measures, in management, from the triumvirate, Chapman, Garrison, and Edmund Quincy, who did not thereupon feel their malignity? Show us a man who has not been read out of their clique for this reason.

The Liberator of February 21 contains a long letter from N. P. Rogers, and a reply by Mr. Garrison. Mr. Rogers's letter is respectful, Mr. G.'s characteristic. It is full of pomposity, and charges Mr. R. with being within an inch of downright LUNACY, and commends him to the keeping of the friends in all *charity* and pity. * * * * * *

N. P. Rogers was the editor of the Herald of Freedom, a small sheet devoted to the anti-slavery cause in New Hampshire. But, like men of real genius, he could not well keep himself confined to the discussion of one reform. He saw, as many others saw, that the abuses of free, or *so-called* free government, were but off-shoots of Slavery. He widened his department. He made great, serious mistakes, we think, in the means he adopted and advocated for their removal. He has been bitter in his opposition to Liberty partyism, but he was foolish enough to take all that the Liberator said, for law and gospel. *He* has at last learned *his* lesson. We learned *ours* years since. The triumviri, one of whom, however, is a woman, by the aid of Abby Kelley and Stephen S. Foster—two more insincere, untruthful, and untrustworthy persons we do not know—and others, have quarrelled with Rogers and French about the ownership of the paper he edited. They revived an old claim, and in Rogers' absence walked into New Hampshire, packed a Committee, and got a report, that an intangible body owned the paper. Why, if moral right had been the principle on which the matter was adjusted, the Society would owe Rogers and French more than the whole concern was worth, after all the debts were paid. They are great sticklers for ownership, these Old Organizationists, when it is convenient.

We are glad to learn that Rogers will start a new paper, to be called THE HERALD OF FREEDOM. Good! Make it *free*. Let no clique have the management of it. Let its gifted editor cease controversy with those who differ with him. Let him remember that there are two ways to gain an end; that of attack, and that of defence. To establish truth is as safe as to attack error.

N. P. Rogers, with good health and sufficient scope, with a little less of the transcendental in him, and a little more regard for *earthly* things, can start a paper without a subscriber, and if fiscally well managed, in one year can have a list who will read him with delight, and give him a good support. While he edited the Herald, we always read his editorials with pleasure, although we felt that he in many instances did the Liberty party great injustice, but notwithstanding this cause of complaint, we wish him all health and success.

From the Rochester Republican.

DISSOLVE THE UNION?—CERTAINLY—BY ALL MEANS!!!

Of all the scoundrelism existing on this theatre of iniquity and folly, the earth, there is none more to be condemned than that canting hypocrisy, which, under pretence of superior sanctity and patriotism, urges the commission of what was only darkly hinted by the treasonists of the Hartford Convention—the dissolution of the Union. This disruption of our Governmental bonds has become, among a certain class of politicians, a standing theme of threat and gratulation, as though the thing were settled—the act as good as performed. Strange hallucination!—unheard of fatuity!! Yet so it is. In Boston, the "Cradle of Liberty," that *was*—the centre of fanaticism that *is*, it was coolly proposed, in a convention there, but a few days ago—last week even—that, in the event of Annexation, the *Union be considered as dissolved*; and that Massachusetts, and such other free States as might be so disposed, proceed thereupon to form a new Government! By this, it would seem, that dissolution is a very easy thing—at least on paper!—that the organization of a new Government is hardly a "breakfast spell" for these Massachusetts patriots; consequently, we may expect to hear, by the next mail, that the thing is done—that Boston has become *America*, as Paris has always been *France!* Seriously, we ask is witchcraft about to resume sway over our native State? Or, is it something far more reprehensible—a cold-blooded design to sever the Union, for the subservance of local and personal ambition? True, Slavery is the pretended cause; yet, as the act, Annexation, will not add a unit to the sum of Slavery now existing; as it will be but the reclamation of territory alienated by ourselves, how can this justify the treason proposed?—more, declared to be the fixed purpose of those who recently figured in the Boston Convention? But we leave this point, and come to one which these New England patriots seem to have entirely overlooked in regard to the new government they are about to institute. It is this: suppose they attempt to give effect to their boasted treason and revolution, are they so utterly devoid of common sense, as not to perceive that they will meet a strong opposition on the very field of their operations? Thousands on thousands of gallant spirits will rise up from the soil of New England, to strike down the parricidal hands that may be raised there; while it would be the duty of the other States, and of the United States forces, to back them in such a work of national honor and of duty. Fanatics—heated partisans—may prate of dissolution, of new Governments, and the like, but in the language of General Jackson to the South Carolinians, the great mass of the American people—despising treason—will say, "YOU CANNOT SUCCEED!" The moral force of the nation is against the treason of dissolution—against cutting this Government into fragments, to suit the whim of the fanatic, or minister to the ambition of those whose heretical opinions on governmental policy, have excluded them from the honors for which they have long striven—the hopes of which are relinquished with pain. Dissolution may answer very well to point a resolution, but we warn those thus sporting the doctrine, to *beware* how they attempt to give it a practical application. The essay once made, and a spirit will be aroused, dark, vengeful, and deadly—fearfully realizing that state of society where a man's enemies shall often be those of his own household. Do these advocates of civil war—of "dissolution," as they phrase it—consider all they dare in such a contest? Do they reflect that they step forth voluntarily from the shield of law; declare the annulment of all legal restraint, thereby inviting the vicious to plunder—to avenge, may be, long-treasured wrongs and hates, by means of the assassin's steel? Or are they so besotted, so utterly given up to a single idea, as to suppose that a dissolution of this Union can be effected without blood?—without bringing the authors and abettors of the scheme within disagreeable proximity to the scaffold, the axe, and the knife? If any are so oblivious to the natural consequences of acts of treason, it will be well for such to slumber no longer; for, so sure as effect follows cause, will these treasonists reap a harvest of blood, should they succeed in making an attempt to dissolve this Union. Talk and resolve they may; act they must not, but at the peril of life.

MANNERS OF THE ABOLITIONISTS.—The Abolitionists who attended the last discussion between Mr. Grant, the lecturer on ethnography and Dr. M'Cune Smith, the colored Demosthenes, made a fine display of their courtesy and decency. Their conduct during the delivery of Mr. Grant's speech was indecent in the extreme. Giggling—hissing—stamping—scraping, and making all sorts of annoying interruptions to the speaker. They presented fine models of politeness to their grinning African brethren. As for the discussion itself, Grant completely demolished his antagonist, whose chief object appeared to be to show off the prodigious extent of his reading. Grant, however, had little honor to gain in meeting and overcoming such an antagonist.—*Herald*.

Selections.

From the Liberator.

LETTER FROM JAMES CANNINGS FULLER.

SKENEATELES, 1st mo. 25, 1845.

Esteemed Friend, William Lloyd Garrison:

There is a letter of mine in this week's Emancipator, relative to making some provision for the families of our imprisoned brethren, Work, Walker, and Torrey, during their separation from their beloved ones. I should like to see that letter transferred to the columns of the Liberator, and into those of every Anti-Slavery paper in the land, not because it is my letter, but because I believe that its contents are just and true, and that it only asks for that which love, justice, and truth require. Herewith I send for insertion in the Liberator, the views of our excellent friend, John Pierpont, on the subject, and hope that the Emancipator and other papers which give my letter an insertion, will do the like with friend Pierpont's. Anything from my pen cannot add to the intrinsic value of his communication, so highly prized by me; but I may remark, that did the same which prompts him to action dwell with and actuate all those who profess to be ministers of religion, the minds of Northern men would soon be abolitionized, and the leaven of liberty and freedom so work through the whole nation, that Slavery would soon be uprooted and overthrown.

I see by the Emancipator of the 22d, that Timothy Gilbert, of Boston, proposes that annual subscriptions of fifty cents should be accepted to make up the sum proposed to be raised. I like this proposition well. If it be a *cross* to raise the money, let every one bear it; if it be a *crown*, let every one have an opportunity offered them to wear it. His practice I admire more than his precept. He subscribes annually, for himself, wife, and child, one dollar each—$3, with a pledge to make it up to $10. A good beginning! Who will do likewise? Reader, take this matter in hand; if there be not enough lovers of freedom in thy village or town to constitute a committee, resolve thyself into a committee of one—one volunteer is better than two pressed men, either for counsel or war. *I am anxious for the formation of an Executive Committee at Boston*, to which contributions or correspondence might be addressed, and *earnestly* ask thee to call together those individuals named in my letter, and form yourselves into a Provisional Committee, making, if need there be, such addition to your members as shall appear advisable. I hope none of you will be scared at the labor it may entail. I believe a double blessing will four-fold be your reward, and cause these widows and their fatherless children's heart to sing for joy. When the subscription shall have progressed towards completion, may I ask, can any means be adopted whereby our incarcerated brethren's hearts may be made to leap and sing for joy also, by the communication of such glad tidings? Don't let them despond in harboring the idea, that as "a nine days' talk" they have passed from our recollections and sympathies. In doing our duty towards these incarcerated brethren, we shall, by our deeds exhibit to the slaveholder that we are brethren in affliction and sorrow, and "feel for those in bonds as bound with them."

With love, thy friend,
JAMES CANNINGS FULLER.

JOHN PIERPONT TO J. C. FULLER.

BOSTON, January 17, 1845.

MY FRIEND:

I have just read your letter of the 13th, published in the Chronicle of this morning; and I thank you for it. It is truth, spoken in love. Something *must* be done for the families of the glorious martyrs of liberty—martyrs of whom, I fear, the world is not yet worthy. We will see whether it is or not. I will do my best towards the twelve or *fifteen* hundred dollars a year. My means are small, as you know, perhaps; but small as they are, I will subscribe *five* dollars a year; and if, at the close of the year, the amount is not raised, I will give five dollars more—twice this—that is, two fives. I am sure, Sir, that you will do your part, which part is not only to give yourself, but to be the occasion of giving in others. Pray let the Abolitionists of Central New-York be awakened in this behalf. I know, very well, that, as a general thing, the Abolitionists of our country are poor. "Not many wise, not many *mighty*"—mighty especially, in pecuniary means—are enlisted in the abolition ranks. But those who *are* enlisted must open their small purses, and, though weak themselves, help those who have laid their *all* upon the altar of their philanthropy—and, like that poor widow, "have cast into the treasury of the Lord all the living that they had."

I feel myself honored in having my name mentioned, by yourself, in connection with Garrison and Leavitt, and should be glad to co-operate with them, in effecting your charitable suggestion. I feel assured that it is the *duty* of *all* the Abolitionists of the country to make common cause—to enter into a joint stock association—with those of our number who fall into the hands of the Philistines. Indeed, this *must* be done. I am not a practical business man, and shall never be a rich man. Yet let those of the Anti-Slavery body who *are* rich—or rather, who are *business* men, rich or poor—take this matter into their hands, and let them assess me annually my proportionate share, and if I don't pay it, I *will* die, *abolitionally*. Those whom you so appropriately denominate "widows indeed," must be provided for, now that their natural providers are taken from them. It were a burning shame to the Abolitionists of the land if it were not done.

I know, my friend, that you will excuse this letter from one who has never addressed you in this way before, and may never again;—your seasonable word, so fitly spoken, would not let me be silent.

Yours, truly; JNO. PIERPONT.

From the Emancipator.

THE IMPRISONED ABOLITIONISTS.

SKENEATELES, 1st mo. 13th, 1845.

To the Editors: Respected Friends,—When I read in the Emancipator, No. 449, Charles T. Torrey's letter, I felt as though I, as well as our brother Torrey, had arrived at a "crisis." In each succeeding number, I have looked in hope that some other pen would release me from what I consider to be the necessity of writing you. Torrey's, as well as others, have been before the community for some time, at least, so far as the reading about them in the periodicals of the day was concerned.

Now we know where cases are judicially decided against individuals, no matter what principles are involved, that popular feeling soon subsides, and the *victims* of the law, and those dependent on them for right training and subsistence, very much lose the sympathies of those with whom they have been associated. My desire is, that your readers will refer to the middle column of page 131, and read *over and over again*, that part of Torrey's letter which is thereon. I would that every Anti-Slavery publication in the nation copy it, and all hearts respond to it. In a certain point of view, our brother is dead; and I look on this communication as his testamentary paper. To all of us, he has left a legacy, and should we profit by his words of "cheer," it may be more lasting and precious than though it were "fine gold."

There is another bequest! and yet another!! that I wish to draw attention to, because I feel, that if for advancing the principles and measures of our righteous cause, in a right way and manner, a jail is to be my inheritance, and I leave not at home enough of this world's goods to sustain my family during its occupancy, then my partners in the scheme of benevolence ought to look on me as a "sleeping" or "special partner," and sustain my wife and children. Is this view correct? The best way to test it practically, is, so far as we may be enabled, to place ourselves and families in the position of those of Work, Walker, and Torrey, and then should we feel the importance of fulfilling the injunction of the Redeemer—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." The purport of this communication is to query, are Abolitionists answering the demands which the circumstances call for, so far as concerns Amelia A. Work and her children? Her husband has yet about nine years with his two companions to serve in Missouri State Penitentiary. Then, again, there is Jane Walker and her eight children! and Mary Ide Torrey and her two children!! I believe we are not meeting those demands as we ought; therefore I think that I am at liberty to write my views on the subject. If they are not good ones, let some abler hand amend them, or suggest more appropriate measures; only let us have action, and that soon, for there is truth in the proverb, that, "while the grass is growing the horse may starve." I see that in one case it is proposed to meet it by publishing "Letters from Prison." This is good in itself, but it does not go far enough. Six years and more her husband is to be in Baltimore Penitentiary, should he so long live. The book is to be sold at a cheap rate; the cheaper the more extended will be its circulation, but I fear it will afford but temporary relief. I want to see something done that shall be substantial and permanent for these three "widows indeed." Are there three hundred Abolitionists in America who will pledge themselves four dollars a year to sustain the wives and children of Work, Walker, and Torrey, until the husbands and fathers once more shall unfettered breathe Heaven's pure air? If not, are there six hundred who will pledge and pay two dollars a year? If these do not offer, are there twelve hundred who will pledge a dollar a year? Or are there those who will pledge and pay twelve hundred dollars a year, in such sums as may suit their circumstances? If none of these can be found, then write with indelible ink, in characters more legible than appears on bowie-knives, "Death to Abolition" but please transpose it, and say, abolition is dead—a lifeless, soulless corpse.

I hope for the best, and believe it, too, thinking the money can be easily raised and remitted to Boston, where I propose the Committee should be located, and formed of "New and Old Organizationists;" of such men as William Lloyd Garrison, Joshua Leavitt, Francis Jackson, Henry B. Stanton, Joseph Southwick, and John Pierpont, with as many others as may be thought needful to inspire public confidence in obtaining the requisite funds, and properly applying them to the wants of the respective parties. I have studied brevity—the subject is a wide one; others can fill up the outline, and I am willing to do my share on either proposed subscription list.

Your friend,
JAMES CANNINGS FULLER.

☞ We highly appreciate and warmly commend the benevolent zeal and activity of our esteemed friend, J. C. Fuller, and entirely concur with him in the opinion, that the Abolitionists of the United States should make ample provision for the support of the bereaved and suffering families of the imprisoned captives. But, for reasons which we deem it here unnecessary to specify, we must decline serving on the Committee proposed by him. We feel sure that the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, or the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, so far as the "Old Organizationists" are concerned,—would gladly receive in trust, and faithfully appropriate, any donations that the benevolent might be disposed to commit to their care, for the furtherance of the humane object suggested by Friend Fuller. Since his letter was written, so deserving of commendation, (as is also that of friend Pierpont,) the pleasing intelligence has been received of the pardon and release of Work; and we hope, ere long, to be able to announce that Jonathan Walker is once more restored to the bosom of his impoverished and sorrowing family. In the meantime, let the pecuniary aid that is needed be promptly extended. We owe an apology to Friend Fuller for our unintentional delay, by accident, of the publication of his letter.—*Ed. Lib.*

AN ADDRESS

To the People of the United States, from the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society, held at Rochester, February 5th, 6th, and 7th, 1845.

"All men were created free and equal."

Thus declared those men who have been styled the fathers of our country—from that day to the present time this declaration, coupled with the cry, "we are all equal," has been echoed and re-echoed from city to hill-top, from mountain to valley, throughout the length and breadth of this vast land, until in our minds the idea has become the fact, the shadow the substance, the thought the reality, and we have looked with pride and ecstacy on our glorious institutions bequeathed to us for the purpose of securing our rights and liberties, bright and untarnished, those institutions which it is said have made us the "envy of all civilized nations, and admiration of the world;" we read that when the news of the victories of Phillip of Macedon was brought to his son Alexander, he exclaimed in sorrow and despair, "he will leave nothing for me to do"—thus, when on *independence* days we hear of the glorious struggles and victories of our fathers—when we hear the noble, godlike sentences they uttered, and declarations they made—when we hear that they secured to themselves and their descendants the "blessings of peace, liberty, justice, and domestic tranquillity," we are apt to exclaim in indolence and complacency, they have left nothing for us to do; but how stands the fact? Let the codes and laws of our Southern States, written in letters of blood, answer; let the marks of the red-hot brand on the hand of Jonathan Walker, answer; let the ten years' war, the bloodhounds and rice swamps of Florida answer; let the returned fugitives to the bloody shrine of Moloch answer; let the chains clanking on the limbs of nearly three millions of our fellow-beings answer; let the spirit of a murdered Lovejoy answer; let widowed wives, childless parents, and wifeless husbands answer; let the balmy gale from the South, bearing on its wings the wails, the sighs, and the groans of outraged and down-trodden humanity answer; let the people of the North, themselves weighed down and impoverished by the deadly incubus of Slavery, answer; then, when in trumpet-tones is thundered forth the truth, if it does not stir up the soul of every man worthy of the name, to a steady, earnest, and unswerving effort to eradicate the blasting and withering moral Upas tree of Slavery, which blights every fair and goodly object of creation within the range of its deadly influence, from the soil of this country and the world; then do we mistake human nature, and shall believe in the total depravity of man. So long have we been accustomed to worship, to idolize, and almost to deify the patriots of the Revolution, that he would be deemed a bold man who should question the purity of their motives and intentions in anything they performed;—the lapse of half a century has shed such a holy halo around their lives, that it would be deemed little less than treason to assert that they were subject to the errors and failings of common men; their words are oracles, their deeds held up as examples to be followed and imitated by all who would acquire the respect and esteem of their fellow-men—the results of their action as the "summum bonum" of human hopes and happiness; they obtained glory, it is true—it is true they made some advances in the cause of human rights, but must the cause stop where they left it? shall we rest content with the faded and decayed laurels our fathers gained? as well might we think, of maintaining our existence by the food they consumed; as well might we leave the arts and sciences where they left them; as reasonable would it be to suppose that they perfected every branch of intellectual knowledge and physical science, as to believe that they carried the doctrines and principles of human rights and liberties to their ultimate point of perfection. Can this be? No—we must have food to eat—we must pursue knowledge for ourselves—we must obtain the undying glory of improving the condition and increasing the happiness of our fellow-beings—we must do this for ourselves, we must act now for the present and the future; and not turn forever to the past with tearful and longing eyes, but must know and appreciate the truth that the world, humanity, its hopes, its aspirations, and destiny, are before and not behind us. We call upon all friends of truth and liberty, to cast off the lethargy that has so long benumbed their energies, and enthralled their intellects; stifled the voice of sympathy, and chained their souls in darkness, to stand forth in all the dignity of disenthralled humanity—plead the cause of the captive, and speak forth in "thoughts that breathe, in words that burn," a stern and energetic rebuke to those who hold their fellow-men in chains, and to those who apologize for their deeds of infamy—to claim for the younger brothers of the great family of man, *their* share of the patrimony which a common father intended for a common brotherhood. As Hannibal swore on the altar of his country, eternal enmity to Rome, so let us swear on the altar of truth, liberty, and equal rights, eternal enmity to Slavery, and with heart and hand, with speech and purse, with body and mind, by day and night, in high places and low places, in the synagogue and the market-place, in season and out of season, plot us unceasingly and unswervingly labor for its overthrow; let us stir up the moral fire now latent in the heart of man, until it burst forth into a blaze of living light that shall envelop humanity in its holy influences, that shall consume to ashes the fabric of tyranny in which we live; and raise from its dust a mansion of liberty capacious enough to shelter mankind beneath its roof.*

"Leap from the torpor of doubt that enthralled ye,
Cast off the hate coiling round you like pain—
Trample the shadowy fear that appalled ye;
Come from the city, the hill-top and plain;
Welcome for liberty, truth heaveth joyfully;
Tyranny's minions are quailing before ye,
Long shall futurity pointing with pride to ye,
Tell how ye won your bright garland of glory."

A garland, the brightness and splendor of which shall be rendered brighter and more splendid by the lapse of ages, the glory of which shine with undiminished brilliancy when the *name* of the mere warrior has sunk into oblivion. If the imprisonment of Northern citizens in Southern ports, consigned to dungeons for no crime, be not enough to wake the dormant energies of the North, and cause them to send forth a voice to the den of Tyranny, that shall sound like the blast of the last trump, and scathe with the lightning of truth, the almost deadened hearts of oppressors, that shall galvanize the death-like torpidity of their consciences, in the name of down-trodden humanity, what will? Imagine for a moment that those outrages occurred in a foreign port—that when our vessels engaged in peaceful commerce arrived at that port, that our own seamen were imprisoned without crime alledged or suspected; and when our Government sent an agent to ascertain the validity of such imprisonment according to the laws of that nation, that the inhabitants thereof, under the protection of the Government, expelled such agent from its dominions, and passed a law authorizing the imprisonment of all persons sent for similar purposes.

Our newspapers would be filled with appeals to the patriotism of the people; the cheeks of our citizens would burn with indignation and manly resentments at this trampling on our rights and liberties; our Congress halls would ring with the eloquent and soul-stirring declamations of the Otis's, the Lees, and the Henrys of our own times; the spirit of our departed forefathers, the shades of the heroes who fell at Lexington and Bunker Hill would be invoked to aid us in the holy strife; and if need were, the sharpened sword, the pointed spear and bayonet, the trusty rifle, and the thundering cannon, would be called in to decide the contest; and yet we sit dull and listless, apathetic and resigned, at the reiterated perpetration of this damning villany, by those who profess to be republicans and democrats; by those who have entered into a solemn compact to respect the rights of our citizens. Coolly do we hear of the imprisonment of men for the performance of deeds that humanity will bless them for; men whose names should be written on our hearts, and cherished in our memories and affections; whose deeds should be rewarded with a crown instead of a dungeon; and the record of whose acts should be inscribed and emblazoned forth in letters of light to shine throughout creation, and yet we hear them traduced as unworthy our sympathy and regard; by men, too, who strewed the pathway of Lafayette with flowers and olive branches; who laud his memory to the skies for acts which, though noble in themselves, when compared to those of Walker, Torrey, and others, are but as the flickering of a glow-worm, to the blaze the noon-day sun. Calmly do we hear of the determination of our Southern masters to annex Texas to the Union, and hardly a voice raised to oppose it. And whence this lust of power, this longing after territory, this insatiable thirst for dominion? whence but from that sink of pollution and den of iniquity, the slave power of the South, for the purpose of filling its cup of infamy, by perpetuating its bloody and inhuman traffic in living souls.

"No union with slaveholders," must be our rallying cry—this course, we believe, honesty and truthfulness will compel us to pursue. We also believe it will be the readiest means of abolishing slavery, and the South believes it too; when J. Q. Adams presented that small petition from the inhabitants of Haverhill, to dissolve the Union, it made the Southern bullies and autocrats tremble in their shoes, they knew that they could not sustain the "peculiar institution" without the North to assist them—and they knew the Federal compact or Constitution was the great binding power on the North, and the great bulwark of Slavery.

This induced Mr. Wise, of Virginia, to declare that "the South only required of the North to live up to the letter of the Constitution;" and Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, and Arnold, of Tennessee, to declare that the "dissolution of the Union would be the dissolution of Slavery." How much longer, then, shall we tamely submit to its desolating influence? Oh, shame! shame on the people of the North, for not rising en masse to crush the loathsome monster. But what have we to do with Slavery! and how can we help it, is the cry? Last night, friends, the cry of fire, fire, fire, was heard in this hall, and in the streets of this city, and in an instant tens, hundreds, aye, thousands, rushed forth to view the havoc of the flame, and to stay its ravages; and why all this excitement? why, because the loss of a few dollars in property was involved.

Friends, there is a fire in the southern portion of this country, burning to the very vitals of our existence as a nation, consuming property enough to impoverish every State wherein it rages, blackening and burning the walls of our political fabric, till it totters to its base, destroying annually its forty thousand living, sentient beings; do we not see their roasted flesh, and hear their crackling sinews? Do we not see the ashes of its former victims? And do we not see the quivering limbs, and hear the deathly shrieks of its living sacrifices? And we stand still with folded arms like the Spartan soldier with the fox gnawing out his entrails; and when true and trusty hearts would raise the cry of *fire! fire! fire!* and would man the engine of abolition, and drown the fires with the waters of liberty, those who should assist them in their object, cut the hose and block the wheels, and do all they can to retard its progress, exclaiming, what have we to do with the fire, and how can we put it out? Dissensions too arise in the company, as to the working of the engine, meantime the fire rages with increased and still increasing fury; would the citizens of Rochester have been responsible last night, if the fire had spread and consumed the city? Verily, having the power to prevent it, they would. Shall not we be responsible, then, if we allow the fire of Slavery to be further extended or longer perpetuated? Should we have hesitated to blow up houses, or even to pull down whole streets to stop the progress of the flames? We should not. Shall we then hesitate, if need be, to pull down the political fabric of the nation, or to use the powder of pure Christianity, and blow up the ecclesiastical institutions of the land, which are filled with combustible materials, and are the great connecting links to spread the roaring fire of Slavery? Examine the subject; well weigh the evidence; reflect on your duties to your fellow-man, and the influence you can exert, and to your conscience we leave the answer. We presume not to dictate the course of action for you to pursue, we leave you to answer that at the bar of humanity; but in our opinion the motto of every true Abolitionist should be, "No union with slaveholders."

* Holding as we do, that Christianity consists in supplying the wants of the necessitous, consoling the miseries of the afflicted, supplying the face of sorrow with a smile of joy, wiping away the tears that have so long trickled down the cheeks of suffering humanity, and in performing the practical duties of life, we ask every Christian to assist us.

PRESIDENT POLK'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:—Without solicitation on my part, I have been chosen by the free and voluntary suffrages of my countrymen to the most honorable and most responsible office on earth. I am deeply impressed with gratitude for the confidence reposed in me Honored with this distinguished consideration at an earlier period of life than any of my predecessors, I cannot disguise the diffidence with which I am about to enter on the discharge of my official duties.

If the more aged and experienced men who have filled the office of President of the United States, even in the infancy of the republic, distrusted their ability to discharge the duties of that exalted station, what ought not to be the apprehensions of one so much younger and less endowed, now that our domain extends from ocean to ocean, that our people have so greatly increased in numbers, and at a time when so great a diversity of opinion prevails in regard to the principles and policy which should characterize the administration of our Government? Well may the boldest fear and the wisest tremble, when incurring responsibilities on which may depend our country's peace and prosperity, and, in some degree, the hopes and happiness of the whole human family.

In assuming responsibilities so vast, I fervently invoke the aid of that Almighty Ruler of the universe, in whose hands are the destinies of nations and of men, to guard this heaven-favored land against the mischiefs which, without His guidance, might arise from an unwise public policy. With a firm reliance upon the wisdom of Omnipotence to sustain and direct me in the path of duty which I am appointed to pursue, I stand in the presence of this assembled multitude of my countrymen, to take upon myself the solemn obligation, "to the best of my ability, to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

A concise enumeration of the principles which will guide me in the administrative policy of the Government, is not only in accordance with the examples set me by my predecessors, but is eminently befitting the occasion.

The Constitution itself, plainly written as it is, the safeguard of our federative compact, the offspring of concession and compromise, binding together in the bonds of peace and union this great and increasing family of free and independent States, will be the chart by which I shall be directed.

It shall be my first care to administer the Government in the true spirit of that instrument, and to assume no powers not expressly granted, or clearly implied in its terms The Government of the United States is one of delegated and limited powers; and it is by strict adherence to the clearly granted powers, and by abstaining from the exercise of doubtful or unauthorized implied powers, that we have the only sure guaranty against the recurrence of those unfortunate collisions between the Federal and State authorities, which have occasionally so much disturbed the harmony of our system, and even threatened the perpetuity of our glorious Union.

"To the States respectively, or to the people," have been reserved "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States." Each State is a complete sovereignty within the sphere of its reserved powers. The Government of the Union, acting within the sphere of its delegated authority, is also a complete sovereignty. While the General Government should abstain from the exercise of authority not clearly delegated to it, the States should be equally careful that, in the maintenance of their rights, they do not overstep the limits of powers reserved to them. One of the most distinguished of my predecessors attached deserved importance to "the support of the State Governments in all their rights, as the most competent administration for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwark against anti-republican tendencies;" and to the "preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home, and safety abroad."

To the Government of the United States has been entrusted the exclusive management of our foreign affairs. Beyond that, it wields a few general enumerated powers. It does not force reform on the States. It leaves individuals, over whom it casts its protecting influence, entirely free to improve their own condition by the legitimate exercise of all their mental and physical powers. It is a common protector of each and all the States; of every man who lives upon our soil, whether of native or foreign birth; every religious sect, in their worship of the Almighty according to the dictates of their own conscience; of every shade of opinion, and the most free inquiry; of every art, trade, and occupation, consistent with the laws of the States. And we rejoice in the general happiness, prosperity, and advancement of our country, which have been the offspring of freedom, and not of power.

This most admirable and wisest system of well regulated self-government among men, ever devised by human minds, has been tested by its successful operation for more than half a century; and, if preserved from the usurpations of the Federal Government on the one hand, and the exercise by the States of powers not reserved to them on the other, will, I fervently hope and believe, endure for ages to come, and dispense the blessings of civil and religious liberty to distant generations. To effect objects so dear to every patriot, I shall devote myself with anxious solicitude. It will be my desire to guard against that most fruitful source of danger to the harmonious action of our system which consists in substituting the mere discretion and caprice of the executive, or of majorities in the legislative department of the Government, for powers which have been withheld from the Federal Government by the Constitution. By the theory of our Government majorities rule; but this right is not an arbitrary or unlimited one. It is a right to be exercised in subordination to the Constitution, and in conformity to it. One great object of the Constitution was to restrain majorities from oppressing minorities, or encroaching upon their just rights. Minorities have a right to appeal to the Constitution, as a shield against such oppression.

That the blessings of liberty which our Constitution secures may be enjoyed alike by minorities and majorities, the executive has been wisely invested with a wisely qualified veto upon the acts of the legislature. It is negative power, and is conservative in its character. It arrests for a time hasty, inconsiderate, or unconstitutional legislation; invites reconsideration, and transfers questions at issue between the legislative departments to the tribunal of the people. Like all other powers, it is subject to be abused. When judiciously and properly exercised, the Constitution itself may be saved from infraction, and the rights of all preserved and protected.

The inestimable value of our federal Union is felt and acknowledged by all. By this system of united and confederated States, our people are permitted, collectively and individually, to seek their own happiness in their own way; and the consequences have been most auspicious. Since the Union was formed, the number of States has increased from thirteen to twenty-eight; two of these have taken their position as members of the Confederacy within the last week. Our population has increased from three to twenty millions. New communities and States are seeking protection under its ægis, and multitudes from the Old Word are flocking to our shore to participate in its blessings. Beneath its benign sway, peace and prosperity prevail. Freed from the burdens and miseries of war, our trade and intercourse have extended throughout the world. Mind, no longer tasked in devising means to accomplish or resist schemes of ambition, usurpation, or conquest, is devoting itself to man's true interests, in developing his faculties and powers, and the capacity of nature to minister to his enjoyments. Genius is free to announce its inventions and discoveries; and the hand is free to accomplish whatever the head conceives, not incompatible with the rights of a fellow-being. All distinctions of birth or of rank have been abolished. All citizens, whether native or adopted, are placed upon terms of precise equality. All are entitled to equal rights and equal protection. No union exists between Church and State; and perfect freedom of opinion is guarantied to all sects and creeds.

These are some of the blessings secured to our happy land by our federal Union. To perpetuate them, it is our sacred duty to preserve it. Who shall assign limits to the achievements of free minds and free hands, under the protection of this glorious Union? No treason to mankind since the organization of society, would be equal in atrocity to that of him who would lift his hands to destroy it. He would overthrow the noblest structure of human wisdom, which protects himself and his fellow-man. He would stop the progress of free government, and involve his country either in anarchy or despotism. He would extinguish the fire of liberty which warms and animates the hearts of happy millions, and invites all the nations of the earth to imitate our example. If he say that error and wrong are committed in the administration of the Government, let him remember that nothing human can be perfect; and that under no other system of Government, revealed by Heaven, or devised by man, has reason been allowed so free and broad a scope to combat error. Has the sword of despots proved to be a safer or surer instrument of reform in Government, than enlightened reason? Does he expect to find among the ruins of this Union a happier abode for our swarming millions than they now have under it? Every lover of his country must shudder at the thought of the possibility of its dissolution, and will be ready to adopt the patriotic sentiment, "Our federal Union—it must be preserved." To preserve it, the compromises which alone enabled our fathers to form a common Constitution for the Government and protection of so many States and distinct communities, of such diversified habits, interests, and domestic institutions, must be sacredly and religiously observed. Any attempt to disturb or destroy these compromises, being terms of the compact of the Union, can lead to none other than the most ruinous and disastrous consequences.

It is a source of deep regret that, in some sections of our country, misguided persons have indulged in schemes, and agitations, whose object is the destruction of domestic institutions existing in other sections—institutions which existed at the adoption of the Constitution, and were recognized and protected by it. All must see that if it were possible for them to be successful in attaining their object, the dissolution of the Union, and the consequent destruction of our happy form of Government must speedily follow.

I am happy to believe that at every period of our existence as a nation, there has existed, and continues to exist, among the great mass of our people, a devotion to the Union of the States, which will shield and protect it against the moral treason of any who would seriously contemplate its destruction. To secure a continuance of that devotion, the compromises of the Constitution must not only be preserved, but sectional jealousies and heart-burnings must be discountenanced; and all should remember that they are members of the same political family, having a common destiny. To increase the attachment of our people to the Union, our laws should be just. Any policy which shall tend to favor monopolies, or the peculiar interests of sections or classes, must operate to the prejudice of the interests of their fellow-citizens, and should be avoided. If the compromises of the Constitution be preserved,—if sectional jealousies and heart-burnings be discountenanced,—if our laws be just, and the Government be practically administered strictly within the limits of power prescribed to it,—we may discard all apprehensions for the safety of the Union.

With these views of the nature, character, and objects of the Government, and the value of the Union, I shall steadily oppose the creation of those institutions and systems which, in their nature, tend to pervert it from its legitimate purposes, and make it the instrument of sections, classes, and individuals. We need no national banks, or other extraneous institutions, planted around the Government to control or strengthen it in opposition to the will of its authors. Experience has taught us how unnecessary they are as auxiliaries of the public authorities, how impotent for good, and how powerful for mischief.

Ours was intended to be a plain and frugal Government; and I shall regard it to be my duty to recommend

of our compact of Union to assume them, yet we cannot but feel a deep interest in seeing all the States meet their public liabilities, and pay off their just debts, at the earliest practicable period. That they will do so, as soon as it can be done without imposing too heavy burdens on their citizens, there is no reason to doubt. The sound, moral, and honorable feeling of the people of the indebted States, cannot be questioned; and we are happy to perceive a settled disposition on their part, as their ability returns, after a season of unexampled pecuniary embarrassment, to pay off all just demands, and to acquiesce in any reasonable measures to accomplish that object.

One of the difficulties which we have had to encounter in the practical administration of the Government, consists in the adjusting of our revenue laws, and the levy of taxes necessary for the support of Government. In the general proposition, that no more money shall be collected than the necessaries of an economical administration shall require, all parties seem to acquiesce. Nor does there seem to be any material difference of opinion as to the absence of right in the Government to tax one section of country, or one class of citizens, or one occupation, for the mere profit of another. "Justice and sound policy forbid the Federal Government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of another, or to cherish the interests of one portion to the injury of another portion of our common country." I have heretofore declared to my fellow-citizens that, in "my judgment it is the duty of the Government to extend, as far as it may be practicable to do so, by its revenue laws, and all other means within its power, fair and just protection to all the great interests of the whole Union, embracing agriculture, manufactures, the mechanic arts, commerce, and navigation." I have also declared my opinion to be "in favor of a tariff for revenue," and that "in adjusting the details of such a tariff, I have sanctioned such moderate discriminating duties as would produce the amount of revenue needed, and, at the same time, afford reasonable incidental protection to our home industry," and that I was "opposed to a tariff for protection merely and not for revenue."

The power "to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises," was an indispensable one to be conferred on the Federal Government, which, without it, would possess no means of providing for its own support. In executing this power, by levying a tariff for duties for the support of Government, the raising of *revenue* should be the *object*, and *protection* the *incident*. To reverse this principle, and make *protection* the *object*, and *revenue* the *incident*, would be to inflict manifest injustice upon all other than the protected interests. In levying duties for revenue, it is, doubtless, proper to make such discriminations within the *revenue principle*, as will afford incidental protection to our home interests. Within the revenue limit, there is a discretion to discriminate; beyond that limit, the rightful exercise of the power is not conceded. The incidental protection afforded to our home interest by discriminations within the revenue range, it is believed, will be ample. In making discriminations, all our home interests should, as far as practicable, be equally protected. The largest portion of our people are agriculturists. Others are employed in manufactures, commerce, navigation, and the mechanic arts.

They are all engaged in their respective pursuits, and their joint labors constitute the national or home industry. To tax one branch of this home industry for the benefit of another, would be unjust. No one of these interests can rightfully claim an advantage over the others, or be enriched by impoverishing the others. All are equally entitled to the fostering care and protection of the Government. In exercising a sound discretion in levying discriminating duties within the limit prescribed, care should be taken that it be done in a manner not to benefit the wealthy few, at the expense of the toiling millions, by taxing *lowest* the luxuries of life, or articles of superior quality and high price, which can only be consumed by the wealthy; and *highest* the necessaries of life, or articles of coarse quality and low price, which the poor and great mass of our people must consume. The burdens of Government should, as far as practicable, be distributed justly and equally among all classes of our population. These general views, long entertained on this subject, I have deemed it proper to reiterate. It is a subject upon which conflicting interests of sections and occupations are supposed to exist, and a spirit of mutual concession and compromise in adjusting its details should be cherished by every part of our wide-spread country as the only means of preserving harmony and a cheerful acquiescence of all in the operation of our revenue laws. Our patriotic citizens in every part of the Union will readily submit to the payment of such taxes as shall be needed for the support of their Government, whether in peace or in war, if they are so levied as to distribute the burdens as equally as possible among them.

The republic of Texas has made known her desire to come into our Union, to form a part of our Confederacy, and enjoy with us the blessings of liberty, secured and guarantied by our Constitution. Texas was once a part of our country—was unwisely ceded away to a foreign power—is now independent, and possesses an undoubted right to dispose of a part or the whole of her territory, and to merge her sovereignty, as a separate and independent State, in ours. I congratulate my country that, by an act of the late Congress of the United States, the assent of this Government has been given to the re-union; and it only remains for the two countries to agree upon the terms, to consummate an object so important to both.

I regard the question of Annexation as belonging exclusively to the United States and Texas. They are independent powers, competent to contract; and foreign nations have no right to interfere with them, or to take exception to their re-union. Foreign powers do not seem to appreciate the true character of our Government. Our Union is a confederation of independent States, whose policy is peace with each other and all the word. To enlarge its limits, is to extend its dominions over additional territories and increasing millions. The world has nothing to fear from military ambition in our Government. While the Chief Magistrate and the popular branch of Congress are elected for short terms by the suffrages of those millions who must, in their own persons, bear all the burdens and miseries of war, our Government cannot be otherwise than pacific. Foreign powers should, therefore, look on the annexation of Texas to the United States, not as the conquest of a nation seeking to extend her dominions by arms and violence, but as the peaceful acquisition of a territory once her own, by adding another member to our Confederation with the consent of that member—thereby diminishing the chances of war, and opening to them new and ever-increasing markets for their products.

To Texas, the re-union is important, because the strong protecting arm of our Government would be extended over her, and the vast resources of her fertile soil and genial climate would be speedily developed; while the safety of New Orleans, and of our whole southwestern frontier, against hostile aggression, as well as the interests of the whole Union, would be promoted by it.

In the earlier stages of our national existence, the opinion prevailed with some, that our system of confederated States could not operate successfully over an extended territory, and serious objections, have, at different times, been made to the enlargement of our boundaries. These objections were earnestly urged when we acquired Louisiana. Experience has shown that they were not well founded. The title of numerous Indian tribes to vast tracts of country has been extinguished. New States have been admitted into the Union. New Territories have been created, and our jurisdiction and laws extended over them. As our population has expanded, the Union has been cemented and strengthened. As our boundaries have been enlarged, and our agricultural population has been spread over a large surface, our federative system has acquired additional strength and security. It may well be doubted whether it would not be in greater danger of overthrow, if our present population were confined to the comparatively narrow limits of the original thirteen States, than it is, now that they are sparsely settled over a more expanded territory. It is confidently believed that our system may be safely extended to the utmost bounds of our territorial limits; and that, as it shall be extended, the bonds of our Union, so far from being weakened, will become stronger.

None can fail to see the danger to our safety and future peace, if Texas remains an independent State, or becomes an ally or dependency of some foreign nation more powerful than herself. Is there one among our citizens who would not prefer perpetual peace with Texas, to occasional wars, which so often occur between bordering independent nations? Is there one who would not prefer an unrestricted communication with her citizens, to the frontier obstructions which must occur if she remain out of the Union? Whatever is good or evil in the local institutions of Texas, will remain her own, whether annexed to the United States or not. None of the present States will be responsible for them, any more than they are for the local institutions of each other. They have confederated together for certain specified objects. Upon the same principle that they would refuse to form a perpetual union with Texas because of her local institutions, our forefathers would have been prevented from forming our present Union. Perceiving no valid objection to the measure, and many reasons for its adoption, vitally affecting the peace, the safety, and the prosperity of both countries, I shall, on the broad principle which formed the basis and produced the adoption of our Constitution, and not in any narrow spirit of sectional policy, endeavor, by all constitutional, honorable, and appropriate means, to consummate the expressed will of the people and Government of the United States, by the re-annexation of Texas to our Union at the earliest practicable period.

Nor will it become in a less degree my duty to assert and maintain, by all constitutional means, the right of the United States to that portion of our territory which lies beyond the Rocky Mountains. Our title to the country of the Oregon is "clear and unquestionable," and already are our people preparing to perfect that title, by occupying it with their wives and children. But eighty years ago, our population was confined on the west by the ridge of the Alleghanies. Within that period—within the lifetime, I might say, of some of my hearers—our people, increasing to many millions, have filled the eastern valley of the Mississippi; adventurously ascended the Missouri to its head springs; and are already engaged in establishing the blessings of self-government in valleys, of which the rivers flow to the Pacific. The jurisdiction of our laws, and the benefits of our republican institutions, should be extended over them, in the distant regions which they have selected for their homes. The increasing facilities of intercourse will easily bring the States, of which the formation in that part of our territory cannot be long delayed, within the sphere of our federative Union. In the meantime, every obligation imposed by treaty or conventional stipulations should be sacredly respected.

In the management of our foreign relations, it will be my aim to observe a careful respect for the rights of other nations, while our own will be the subject of constant watchfulness. Equal and exact justice should characterize all our intercourse with foreign countries. All causes having a tendency to jeopard the welfare and honor of our country, or sacrifice any one of the national interests, will be studiously avoided; and yet no opportunity will be lost to cultivate a favorable understanding with foreign Governments, by which our navigation and commerce may be extended, and the ample products of our fertile soil, as well as the manufactures of our skilful artisans find a ready market and remunerating prices in foreign countries.

In taking "care that the laws be faithfully executed," a strict performance of duty will be exacted from all public officers. From those officers, especially, who are charged with the collection and disbursement of the public revenue, will prompt and rigid accountability be required. Any culpable failure or delay on their part to account for the moneys entrusted to them, at the times and in the manner required by law, will, in every instance, terminate the official connection of such defaulting officer with the Government.

Although in our country, the Chief Magistrate must almost of necessity be chosen by a party, and stand pledged to its principles and measures, yet, in his official action, he should not be the President of a part only, but of the whole people of the United States. While he executes the laws with an impartial hand, shrinks from no proper responsibility, and faithfully carries out in the executive department of the Government, the principles and policy of those who have chosen him, he should not be unmindful that our fellow-citizens who have differed with him in opinion are entitled to the full and free exercise of their opinions and judgments, and that the rights of all are entitled to respect and regard.

Confidently relying upon the aid and assistance of the co-ordinate departments of the Government in conducting our public affairs, I enter upon the discharge of the high duties which have been assigned to me by the People, again humbly supplicating that Divine Being who has watched over and protected our beloved country from its infancy to the present hour, to continue His gracious benedictions upon us, that we may continue to be a prosperous and happy people.

Communications.

LETTER FROM CLARKSON.

The following letter was received, a short time since, from the venerated Clarkson, by the editors of the Standard; and they rejoice to give it the widest circulation in their power. It is commended in particular to the attention of the official guardians of public morals at the North—the clergy; although they do not seem to be the parties addressed—they, as a body, both sanctioning and defending slaveholding.

LETTER

To such professing Christians in the Northern States of America as have had no practical concern with slaveholding, and have never sanctioned it by defending it; and to such, also, as have never visited the Southern States:

MY FRIENDS:—I can address you, with a greater probability of securing your attention and sympathy, on the subject of American Slavery, than I could hope for by addressing myself to persons who are interested in its continuance, either by being slaveholders themselves, or by ranking themselves among those who have taken a decided part in defending it. I can assure you that, in taking up my pen on this occasion, I have not only a desire that *slavery should cease* to exist among you, but that *your glorious* Declaration of Independence, now *so sadly mutilated*, should *be restored* to its original purity, and that your character as a nation, which now is *so low in the* estimation of the civilized world, should be *recovered*. I may add, that I address myself to you in particular for another reason, because I believe that, through your united exertions, the hydra-headed monster, Slavery, may be subdued; for there are in your free States *many, many more* than "seven thousand" men, who have (much to their honor) "not bowed their knee to that Baal."

Many of you, though you live somewhere on American soil, have never travelled into the Southern States, so as to have seen, with your own eyes, what slavery is there. You know, however, at any rate, that the persons enslaved consist of *human beings*, of what are called men, women, and children, of the same shape as yourselves, differing only in color; but you do not know, perhaps, their particular situation, or that, though they never have done an injury or given offence to any one, they are reduced by *main force, and against their will*, to a state of degradation and misery at which nature herself revolts. I lament this; I lament that there should be some hundred thousand citizens of America, who know nothing of what is going on in parts of their own country, and particularly of the monstrous evil now under our consideration; because, I am sure, that if they could spend but one day in the South, and be led to some of the scenes to be beheld there, they would return home with impressions against Slavery *never to be erased from their minds*. If they who perused Judge Stroud's book* (a collection of the slave-laws by that respectable Judge) were so shocked (as is reported) by only a perusal of these laws, as to join the Anti-Slavery Societies, how much more would they be shocked if they were to see these laws carried into execution.

Considering, then, that many of you know so little of the condition of the poor slaves in your own country, I will tell you, in a very few words, *what it is*. First, they (the slaves) are forcibly deprived of the rights given to every man at his birth, the *right* to be free and to *exercise his own will*; a right which your own Declaration of Independence acknowledges to be the *birthright of all men*. "All men," says this beautiful declaration, "are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." But can this account of it be true? Your own records say so. What a shameful perversion, then, it is of your own laws, and what ingratitude to God for the blessings you have enjoyed under such a Constitution, that you should use your own liberty for the oppression of the innocent, and of those who cannot help themselves. Again, they (the slaves) are brought down from the *lofty image of God*, in which they were created, to a level with goods and chattels, such as logs of wood, or bales of cotton, or (to compare them with living things) with cattle, sheep, horses, goats, and the like, and in this low and mean way they are looked upon by their masters. Hence, like these, they are subject to be *bought* and *sold*, transferable at all times to a purchaser, and without any consideration whether the husband is torn from the wife, or the children from their parents. The purchaser must be suited whatever may be the misery attending their separation. If he want a woman only, the woman must be taken, though her weeping husband stands by her side, and here the most *heart-rending* scenes often take place. Again, they are made to work *without wages*. Hence a driver is obliged to follow, and urge them on to their work with a whip, for no man likes to work voluntarily for another, or for nothing. But this is not all, your laws subject them to the *arbitrary will of a master*. He, the master, can do with them what he pleases, short of taking their limbs or lives. He can whip them, chain them, put iron collars upon their necks, put them into dungeons, and even torture them in various ways as he pleases. Such is the *common* or ordinary treatment of the slaves on the plantations. I do not mean to say that such treatment is universal, for there are here and there, much to their honor, kind masters, who use as much lenity towards their slaves as Slavery will allow. But I mean to say that it is general. It was so in our own colonies in the West Indies before emancipation. It is so now in Brazil, Cuba, and other slave countries, and it must be so; (when we consider that such is human nature, that no man can be trusted with arbitrary or *unlimited power* without abusing it;) and this is an eternal argument against Slavery, wherever it exists.

But I wish I could say, that there were not extraordinary cases where the heart of the spectator must be more deeply effected. In exercising the discipline of the plantations, the punishments are sometimes carried so far, as perhaps unexpectedly to end in *death*; and yet the manslayer escapes. This is not owing to any deficiency in the law, which would punish capitally in such cases, but to the contrivances of masters and overseers. These men know well how to act in such cases, to escape punishment. A mock jury is empannelled, whenever the known murder of a slave occurs, consisting entirely of persons *interested* in concealing and *hushing up the crime*. A verdict of "Not guilty," is at length pronounced. We hear now and then of such juries in the American newspapers, but where do we hear of a single conviction? Where do we hear of a master or overseer being *hanged, though hundreds of slaves have been murdered?* I have read in the American journals cases of verdicts of this sort, where the evidence was plain to a disinterested person, that a murder had been committed, and yet the culprit acquitted. Take one instance out of many. A certain slave in South Carolina is reported to have had three hundred lashes inflicted on him, which were followed, after an interval, by two hundred more. Two hundred others were to be added after another interval; but before all these could be applied, the poor man became exhausted and fainted, and called for water, which was then given him, but in a few hours afterwards he died. A jury then sat upon his body, and though it was described as *mangled* in a *horrible manner*, and though death took place *only two or three hours after the whipping*, and though *before the whipping* the deceased *was in usual health*, the usual verdict of "Not guilty," was recorded, his death being attributed to the *cold water* given him in such a heated state! Was not this verdict an insult to common sense? How conveniently did this water come in to clear the culprit.

And now, my friends, perhaps you may think that the account which I have given you of the treatment of slaves is exaggerated. I can lay my hand upon my heart and say, that *it is strictly true*. If you were to look into a book published in your own country, and by one of your own countrymen, entitled, *Slavery as it is: Testimony of a Thousand Witnesses*, (New-York, 1839,) you would find specific instances of atrocities, page after page, to confirm it, so numerous and so aggravated, that you would find *a difficulty in believing them*; and if you were to look into Judge Stroud's *Collection of the Slave Laws*, just mentioned, you will find such *unlimited power* given to the master over the slave, that he (the master) could *perpetrate them all with impunity*. This latter book contains, perhaps, the most cruel code that ever appeared in print in any country or tongue. I do not know what would be your feelings on perusing the two books, whether you would be most filled with *horror and indignation* at the barbarous acts committed, or whether you would weep most at the *depravity of human nature*, not thinking it possible that men, but only devils, could have invented such an unparalleled system of oppression.

I come now to inquire who and what these beings are, upon whom the wrath of man is so fearfully exercised. Are they actually *things*, as they are often called, when ranked among goods and chattels? No, our own eyesight tells us that they are not *things*, though they are treated as such; treated, in fact, as if their flesh was composed of brass or iron, and void of all feeling of pain. Are they, then, being living things, to be classed among brutes, or take the higher rank of the human species? This is an important question, and we may determine it at once. A very slight comparison will suffice for this purpose. In the first place, the slaves in question have the *same shape and form* as ourselves, but brutes *have not this form*. The slaves have *intellect*, but brutes have *only instinct*. The slave can *talk*, but brutes have *no articulation*. The slaves have *foresight, forethought*, and the power of reasoning; but brutes have none of these powers. Slaves have projects of their own in their heads, and can execute them; but brutes can *devise no plans*, nor follow them out. The slaves *understand religious truths*, and are susceptible of religious sensations; brutes have no such understanding, nor such feelings. Slaves have, consequently, *immortal souls*, but brutes *perish*. But it would be superfluous to go into other particulars to substantiate their right to belong to the human species. But if so, God, who is no respecter of persons, regards them as men, as men, too, for whom Christ died equally as for ourselves; as men equally interested in his Gospel, and men to whom the Gospel commands us to perform all the endearing duties of humanity, which it enjoins to be performed to all others who are acknowledged by human society to be men.

But if they are men, and not brutes, do the holy Scriptures say nothing of such treatment as has been now described in the language of censure or condemnation? The word *Slavery* is not even mentioned there; but though this be the case, all the crimes, which necessarily arise out of Slavery, and which can arise from no other source, are reprobated there and threatened with the Divine vengeance, so that, in fact, though Slavery is not *specifically*, yet it is *virtually forbidden*. In the same way, the gladiatorial shows of old, and other barbarous customs were not specifically mentioned in the New Testament, and yet *Christianity* was the sole means of their suppression. In my letter to your clergy of the South, published four years ago, I showed that American Slavery was a violation of not less than *five* out of the *ten commandments* of the moral law; and besides, that Christianity condemned every branch of it as wicked. This being the case, I shall not go over the same ground again, for I trust that I shall find sufficient new matter, both in the Old and New Testaments, to meet all the specific cases of ill treatment laid down in the early part of this letter.

The first remark I made was, that the slaves were forcibly deprived of the right given to every man at his birth to be free, and to exercise his own will. By what right, then, do slaveholders keep their slaves in bondage against their will? They can plead no equitable right; no right but the *law of force*, a right which a number of wicked men might plead with *equal justice*, if they were strong enough to take the slaveholder himself into captivity, and keep him a slave forever. But what says the Bible in this case? God, when he instructed Adam as to *what were his rights*, and as to what *were to be the rights of his posterity*, told him, that he was to have dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the fish of the sea, and the rest of the animal creation; but here he stopped; he never, never gave him any further right over his fellow-men, much less to abuse him, or to make him wholly subservient to his will. No one of the most ancient manuscripts of the Bible—such as the Samaritan, Arabic, Coptic, or any other manuscript of modern discovery—gives us a record of such a right, that a man should plead a different text. No man, therefore, can have a right to arbitrary dominion over his fellow-men for *his own sole use and benefit*. This would be a violation of the *great charter* which God gave to man at the creation, and a *usurpation of power* against his (God's) will, seeing that when he, the Almighty, determined how far man's dominion should extend, he gave him none over his fellow-creatures, by which determination it is to be inferred, that he intended that his dominion *should go no further*.

My next assertion was, that the slaves were put upon a *level with the beasts of the field*, and made, like them, by the slaveholders, transferable property. But God made man in *his own image*, giving him a *higher nature* than that of brutes, enduing him with an intellect and reason, and fitting him with faculties and feelings for immortality. But did he give this exalted nature to beasts? No; and why? For the purpose, among other reasons, of *distinguishing him from the brute creation*; and he repeated this superiority of man's nature afterwards when he said, that "he that *killeth a man* shall be put to death, and he that *killeth a beast*, shall make it good." But I have now said enough on this part of the subject to show, that the nature of man was intended to be of too lofty a character to be made a *chattel* or a *brute*. How, then, dares the slaveholder to claim absolute dominion over his slave on the plea that *he is an inferior animal*, when God has given such unequivocal proof that he belongs to a *higher* race. How dares the slaveholder to contradict Divine revelation; to blast God's intention with respect to man, when he created him; and to subvert the order of nature by changing *intellectual creatures into brutes?*

I said again, that the slaves were sold at the pleasure of the slaveholder, by which sale it often happened that the husband was torn forever from his wife, and the children from their parents. I need not dwell here upon the wickedness of the law which gave him such power; for every one who is a husband or wife must feel it; nor attempt to discover the particular motive of those legislators who proposed, or acceded to it. I shall only say, that they must have been totally lost to all the *natural feelings of men*, and worse than beasts themselves; for these show what nature is, by moaning when their offspring are taken from them. I could relate here, if the small space allotted to this letter did not prevent me, such and so many tales of wo, all of them the *immediate* and *melancholy consequences* of this law, as would melt the hardest heart; and yet the slaveholder stands by, and witnesses the agony occasioned by the breaking up of a family, without shame or the least remorse. But these scenes do not pass unnoticed in heaven. In the time of our Lord, no such scenes as the separation of man and wife by the whip, were going on either in Judea or Galilee, or within the compass of his ministration, and yet he said concerning the relationship of husband and wife, "they are no longer twain but one flesh, what therefore God has joined together, let no man put asunder." But what would he have said, had he been present at such sales as take place in the Carolinas and other slave countries in the South. His tender heart would have burst forth probably in more bitter expressions than he used to the Pharisees, "Oh generation of vipers! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" But the slaveholder may probably quibble here, and say, that God has not joined these parties together, because they have only a barbarous kind of marriage ceremony among themselves, and no consecrated or holy men to perform it, and these marriages therefore are *not Christian*, like those of their masters. To this I reply, that if the slaveholders consider the marriages of their slaves *invalid* on this account, why have they suffered their slaves to have lived all this time in fornication, concubinage, or adultery, when they could have prevented it. But do the masters mean to say that these marriages of the slaves are not ratified in heaven, because they are not similar to their own? Neither are those of the Turks, Indians, wild Arabs, or Caffres; no, nor are those of all the Catholic countries of civilized and Christian Europe like their own, and yet they are binding. To make marriages only such as their own valid, would be to make null and void almost all the marriages throughout half the world; and if a holy man is absolutely necessary to complete a marriage, where shall we find one of this description, in the true meaning of the word holy, in all the slave States? We may find there, indeed, plenty of *slaveholding clergy*, and some of these, who whip their slaves well on the Sunday morning before they enter the house of God. Are these the holy men wanted to complete the marriage service?

But what shall we say to the children of slaves being sold, and for this purpose often torn from their parents, and sold too as slaves? Would not our Lord have most severely reprobated this custom, if he had known of it, or rather, if it had been brought before his notice in his disputes with the Pharisees and others: for was it not, equally with the former case of husband and wife, a *total disruption of the ties of consanguinity, and equally a cutting asunder of the tender endearments of nature?* The bare knowledge of this case alone, of the children being sold, would have called forth his indignation; but how would this indignation have been increased, when we consider the high estimation in which he held children, and the affection which he manifested towards them! Delighted with their simplicity, innocence, and freedom from guile, he loved them; he took them in his arms and *blessed them*, and rebuked those who hindered them from coming to him; and mark what he said, on closing his discourse on this occasion, "for of such is the kingdom of God," meaning, that the kingdom of Heaven consisted of innocents like these in spirit and character. Shall they, then, upon whom he set so high a value as to compare them to the glorified saints or angels in heaven, be ranked by the reptile man among the young of brute animals, or among goods and chattels, such as earthenware, bricks, or tiles, or other saleable articles?

I said again, that these slaves were compelled to work without wages, followed by the whip of a driver. I do not think that there is any crime so often reprobated, or so severely, both by prophets and apostles, as that of *defrauding the laborer* of his wages, or of not giving him anything for his labor. Hear Jeremiah on this point: "Wo unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chamber by wrong, that uses his neighbor's service *without wages*, and *giveth him not for his work*." Similar to this is the language of the Apostle James: "Go to, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Behold the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." The man who uses another's services without payment for them is as much a *robber*, (a man's labor being his own property,) as if he had stolen his horse, his purse, or any other thing which was his.

I said, lastly, that the cruelty inflicted on slaves were sometimes carried so far, as to end in the loss of life. There needs no comment here, everybody knows what the law of God is with respect to murder, and that it stands in point of heinousness at the head of all crimes, and that it will incur, more than any other, the Divine vengeance.

But there is a species of murder, not yet mentioned, which belongs almost exclusively to Slavery. Numbers of the poor slaves in America come to an untimely end by a series of acts of barbarity inflicted upon them at different times, which, though they do not kill them immediately, yet undermine the constitution by degrees, so that they *do not live out half their days*. It is not the mere *whipping* while at their labor in the field, which destroys them, but the repeated punishments, and sometimes tortures, they are made to endure, at the caprice of an overseer, when their labor is over in the day. Frequently they are made to wear chains, and to work in them for weeks together, which occasions them to suffer by excoriations of the skins and flesh. Iron collars are frequently fastened to their necks, which, while they give them pain, for the same reason hinder them from sleep, on account of their long projecting prongs. They are often put with their feet in the stocks, and *left there all night*, (and this for days and weeks together,) where they suffer again, and where sleep is again impossible, and yet they are made to rise as early in the morning to their work as the rest of the gang, though then unfit for labor. That dreadful instrument, the thumb-screw, is also at times applied to them. It is screwed down tight till it produces great pain, sometimes forcing the blood out of the ends of the thumbs. The overseer then takes away the key, and no one can relieve their sufferings, even though they faint with the pain, till the same key is brought to unlock it. The damp and loathsome dungeon is another source of punishment, in which the victim may lie for months, and even years, for so Judge Stroud says, if the owner wills it. These instruments then of torture, which are more or less used, together with hard and forced work of *fifteen hours* per day, produce a slow and lingering death, which is as much *murder*, as if the victim had been killed outright. The same Judge confirms a part of this account. "His," says he, (the slave's,) "life is ordinarily passed in incessant toil. He is awaked from his slumbers at the call of his master, often before dawn; he continues his heartless labor, with but slight intermission for rest and food, till night has closed around him. Hard worked and scantily fed, his bodily energies are exhausted." The same worthy Judge says, also, "The master may, at *his discretion*, inflict any punishment upon the person of his slave." Again, "Where," says he, (p. 40,) "the life of a slave is thus feebly protected, his limbs, as might be expected, share no better fate." I quote again from the Act of 1740 of South Carolina. "In case any person should *wilfully cut out the tongue*, put out the eyes, *castrate*, or cruelly *scald, burn*, or *deprive* any slave of any limb or member, or shall inflict any other cruel punishment, other than whipping with a horsewhip, cow-skin, switch, or small stick, or by putting irons on, or confining or imprisoning such slave, every such person shall, for any such offence, forfeit the sum of one hundred pounds current money." "This section has," continued the Judge, "as far as I have been able to learn, been suffered to disgrace the statute-book from the year 1740, to the present hour. Among all the statutions which Christianity has effected within the last century, she has not been able to conquer the spirit which dictated this abominable law. To say nothing of the trifling penalty for mutilation, what idea of humanity must a people entertain, who, by direct legislation, sanction the beating, without limit, of a fellow-creature with a horsewhip or cow-skin, and the infliction of any torture which the ingenuity and malignity of man may invent, in the application of irons to the human body, and the perpetual incarceration, if the master so will, of the unfortunate slave in a dungeon keep, however loathsome?"

[To be continued.

* His book is entitled *Sketches of the Laws relating to Slavery*, published in Philadelphia, 1827.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1845.

The Church.

(A SERMON, preached at the dedication of the Trinitarian Church, in Fitchburg; by the pastor, PHILO C. PETTIBONE.)

It has seemed to the great body of those who are united for the abolition of Slavery in the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, that it is a plain duty to apply the principles which induced them in the first instance to come out of the slaveholding world, by which they were surrounded, to all the various associations and organizations, the aggregate of which, makes up society at large. Prominent and fundamental among these is the Church of whatever name. The reasons of the Abolitionists for abandoning it, were two-fold; those founded on ideas of duty, irrespective of consequences, and those suggested by a consideration of cause and effect.

At the outset of the enterprise, when, awakened as by the voice of one crying in the wilderness to the crying abomination of their times, they felt impelled to show the model republic its transgression—the Land of Freedom its sin, they found their first obstacle in the Church. From the pulpits, the convocations, the vestry-rooms, the conventions, the assemblies, the conferences of the various sects, come the defences of Slavery, the right hand of fellowship to the slaveholder, and the sentence of excommunication to the Abolitionists.

Thus situated, they were compelled by a sense of duty to choose whom they would serve. If the Lord was indeed the God of freedom, holiness, justice, goodness, and truth, as a majority of them had been taught to believe by the assembly's catechism, to say nothing of the Bible. If all men had in reality been created free and equal, and with the right to liberty, as every Abolitionist has been taught by the Declaration of Independence—then it followed that the churches which were united in sustaining pastors to defend Slavery, to silence Abolitionists, to quench freedom of discussion, to close the doors of meeting-houses, to refuse the reading of Anti-Slavery notices, to malign the character of Abolitionists, could not be the churches of God. Then it also followed that no man could be justified in remaining a constituent part of such churches. If he found the whole practical tendency of a church to be towards Slavery, that sum of all abominations, denounced by the prophets, forbidden in the decalogue, and condemned by the spirit of the gospel, he felt that he had upon any *Christian* principle, no choice. He must "come out and be separate," be the consequences what they might.

Duty was the primary consideration,—and the first step taken, its utility and expediency became clear. A devoted love of the Anti-Slavery cause did not fail to show the shortest and best way to secure its success. Common sense cried out, "take your shoulder from under the thing that you wish to see fall to the ground. Give it neither the countenance of your presence nor the support of your purse." A chain of pro-slavery influences being clearly seen running from the owner of the gang on the Southern plantation to the heart of the Northern church. The Northern Abolitionist saw at once that this chain of miscalled religious influence was in fact the strong chain of the slave's thraldom—the badge of their own sinful degradation to Slavery. The conscientious Trinitarians felt this in a peculiarly strong manner, from the fact that their belief is the prevalent one among the slaveholders, and the bonds of *their* church unity of firmer texture than those of any other body of professing Christians. Here and there rose all over the New England States, from individual voices, the inspiring cry that erewhile saved in the passes of the Tyrol, the liberties of Switzerland:—"*In the* NAME OF THE HOLY TRINITY, *cut all loose!*"—and if anything can save the cause of Liberty in these States, it is the uplifting of that same victorious battle-cry.

The cause owes much to the author of the Fitchburg sermon, the Rev. Philo C. Pettibone, for the righteous and consistent stand he has taken in the holy warfare against wrong, that he so early began to wage. In consequence of his fidelity in the Anti-Slavery cause, (for he was one of the young Licentiates of Andover, who, in 1839, saved it from being submerged in the flood of clerical spite, by which its existence was threatened,) he was called to minister to the "come-outers" of Fitchburg. They were in sufficient numbers in that town, after having fulfilled their duty as Abolitionists, to be able to fulfil what they esteemed their duty as Christians:—to organize themselves into a "come-outer church"—connected by no tie of ecclesiastical association with churches in fellowship with slaveholding bodies at the South. They cut the connecting link in the right place, between themselves and iniquity. Not only did they refuse to "fellowship" Slavery themselves, but they rejected the fellowship of those that did, and may God bless them for the deed! They have acted in consistency with all their established religious principles, and with their highest idea of right: and as we firmly believe in accordance with *absolute* right. For when since the creation have any men who have thought and felt on such subjects as these, failed to leave it on record that the fatal mistake of all moral mistakes is, "to confound the precious with the vile;"—to blot out the lines of moral discrimination?

We stop not as Abolitionists, to prescribe or settle men's ways of exalting right, and marking their condemnation of wrong. We prescribe not to them what forms of church or civil government they shall adopt. Our functions cease with the act of awakening their consciences to the necessity and the imperative obligation of giving their moral sanction to Freedom, and overwhelming Slavery with the whole might of their reprobation.

We rejoice to see the following note appended to Mr. Pettibone's sermon, as an evidence that there is at least one church in the free States, free from the taint of Slavery. May it ever be energetic and successful in the cause of Freedom.

FITCHBURG, MASS. December 25, 1844.

Dear Sir:—We, the undersigned, members of the Trinitarian Church, in Fitchburg, wishing to have your Dedication Sermon preserved for a memento to our children as well as for our own benefit; and believing as we do, that it will be a useful book to the community at large, it being an exponent of some of the principles held by this Church as fundamental—we therefore wish a copy for publication.

Very respectfully, yours,

DANIEL WILKINS,
SETH P. TYLER,
JEREMIAH KINSMAN, Jr.
THOS. S. EATON,
BENJ. SNOW, Jr.
NATHAN TOLMAN,
CYRUS A. ROBINSON,
ROBY R. SAFFORD,
SAMUEL SMITH,
CHARLES S. FARRAR,
ABEL EATON,
EDWIN HOLMES,
SAMUEL H. EVANS.
AMOS DURANT,
LEVI FARNSWORTH,
TIMOTHY F. DOWNE,
JONATHAN FARNSWORTH,
JONATHAN WHEELOCK,
W. S. JOSLIN,
TIMOTHY W. KINSMAN,
FARWELL NICHOLS.

REV. P. C. PETTIBONE,

FITCHBURG, Jan. 6, 1845.

Gentlemen:—In answer to your kind request, I give you the manuscript of the sermon, for publication. You will remember that for want of time, some portions of the discourse were omitted—I give it to you with a few slight phraseological alterations, and with some brief omissions which seem necessary in order to reduce the pamphlet to a proper size. I do not expect that its appearance before the public, will gain me any honor from the Church or world as such. If this attainment were possible, I would not for such an end, comply with your request. I firmly believe the principles advocated, are of the gospel of Christ, though unpopular, and rejected by a great portion of the nominal church. But thank God, these heaven-born truths will one day prevail. The time is not far distant when they will be seen and read and known of all men, as the Lord's.

To these truths I give my hearty testimony,

PHILO C. PETTIBONE.

D. WILKINS,
SETH P. TYLER, and others.

That the friends of the cause generally may know exactly what the principles are which this church holds as fundamental, some extracts from the sermon are appended. The text is, "Thy kingdom come;"—the commentary, so far as concerns the Anti-Slavery cause, is as follows:

Under the influence of the all animating Spirit—Christ's people are approaching to a full understanding of the work to be done, and of the means necessary to accomplish the mighty whole. The field of action is now more clearly seen to the world; and the plans and efforts indispensable, are seen to be as broad as the field. To bring these into a full development, objects are to be aimed at, results expected unlike anything ever conceived or seen by a mere professor of Christianity. The full development of this kingdom, is not merely that nominal Christianity shall spread co-extensive with the world; not merely to have the gospel sounded in the ears of all, but to modify and reform human society, the elevating of humanity in accordance with human and divine right. The great mass of corruption which have accumulated in the American Church for the last two centuries, and are still accumulating, will be brought out to the light of open day by the sunlight of God's truth. Tyranny in all its abuses of the social system, will be exposed to a more rigid and fiery scrutiny. Whatever in the Church, or out of it, that is not based upon gospel principles, will be razed down and erected anew. Consequently, great efforts will be pushed forward to remove the numerous obstacles that prevent truth from fulfilling the designs of her mission. The world of mind, by the direct application of truth, will be raised into a far greater agitation.

Neither will this agitation cease, until the objects of the kingdom are practically realized. Mind is to grapple with mind; truth with error. No opposition from the open, well trained ranks of Infidelity—no opposition from political demagogues—no opposition from the time serving bigoted sectarians of the Church—no opposition from a corrupt oligarchical priesthood—no excommunication—no issuing of decrees and bulls by aristocratic, tyrannical Ecclesiastics will avail to stop the movement of mind in the pursuit of truth and the overthrow of error. No effort to suppress free discussion will succeed to hold back the revolutions of Church and State, which are indispensable for the world's redemption. God Almighty has his hand in the great movement of destroying the works of the devil. God himself is the unseen, yet potent agency in Christian reform. And whatever opposes the reforms which are necessary to usher in Christ's kingdom in its fulness and power, opposes the Almighty.

With these preliminaries, it will be my object to elucidate upon some prerequisites, some real essentials, which must be promptly, energetically, and completely executed, before the prayer of the text can be fully realized in our world.

FIRST.—The overthrow of Slavery in all its huge departments, and endless ramifications, is indispensable to the spread of Christ's kingdom.

Then follows a faithful exposition of the sinfulness of Slavery and of the justice and necessity of immediate emancipation. The participation of the Church in this great sin, is conclusively proved and earnestly condemned.

We wish much that we could record more such facts as this:—not that we have any desire to leave our appropriate work of abolishing Slavery, for the extraneous one to our enterprise, of building up churches, but that we would fain cheer the hearts and strengthen the hands of our fellow-laborers with the knowledge that there is, in one town in Massachusetts, abolit

people, and their own rottenness from the people's eyes, they have had at least the virtue to be hypocrites—the virtue to pretend to hate vice, and to be ignorant of their diabolical character. Even this very equivocal credit cannot be given to the Episcopal Church. She has wrapped herself up in the dignity of her wealth and power, and, undisturbed in her solemn mockery of religion, has not deigned to recognize the fact that there still existed on the earth any of God's poor. She has seemed to be as ignorant that the relation of master and slave anywhere existed, and did not exist by right, as the Autocrat of all the Russias may be supposed to be that the truth has been promulgated, and that there is a necessity for it, that "all men are born free and equal." The battle that has raged around her, and which has awakened her sister churches either to their own sin, or their own danger, has failed to arouse her apparently to the existence of sin. She still stands pre-eminent among the Pharisees of our day, looking down upon oppressed humanity in stolid indifference or hopeless stupidity.

The colored people should long ago have learnt this. In the only instance in which, that I recollect, she has acknowledged their existence, she denied, because of the hue of their skins, the most unquestionable and unquestioned rights to three of their number. In this transaction Bishop Onderdonk took a prominent part. Of all her haughty prelates, he has been the most uncompromising in his contempt of the colored people. This man now stands before the world, charged with, and in the minds of all right-judging people, convicted, of being a debauchee. At such a moment a church of the colored people in this city comes to his rescue. Forgetting that to acknowledge such a man as their spiritual guide, is to strike hands with the oppressor, they choose a moment to express their sympathy for tyrants, when they may at the same time do all in their little power to defend and cover up licentiousness in the high places of the Church.

I regret the necessity of calling attention to this fact. I regret it for the sake of the colored people themselves, and still more for the sake of the cause. It is not thus that our colored friends will prove their own fitness for a higher social position, or prove their devotion to the cause of our enslaved brethren.

This document was published in a pamphlet written in reply to one by Mr. John Jay. Mr. Jay is charged with being an Abolitionist and amalgamationist. He does not, I trust, deserve the following admission made in his favor:

"We wish, however, to have it distinctly understood that we do not charge Mr. Jay with himself carrying out the principle of practical amalgamation in private life. We never heard of his walking arm-and-arm in friendly intercourse through our streets with a colored man. We never heard of his inviting such a one to dine with him; nor of his admitting him within the charmed line of the domestic circle. But we *have* heard of efforts made by him needlessly to introduce into the *Church* this principle of amalgamation." It is to show that the colored people themselves do not esteem the Bishop as their enemy, as Mr. Jay had charged nim with being, that the following extracts from a letter to him is given. It bears date January 14th, 1845:—c.

"*Right Reverend Father in God*:—

"The undersigned, a portion of your fold in CHRIST, are drawn near to you by the circumstances of peril and affliction by which it has pleased God at this time to permit you to be surrounded.

* * * * * *

"We only know that for a season we are deprived of the public services of our shepherd in spiritual things—and this knowledge brings with it profound and overwhelming grief. The house of the Lord in which we have so often and so profitably listened to your godly counsel and admonitions, and your exposition of the gospel, is now hung in sadness and gloom.

"We feel especially humiliated yin our humiliation, because we have reason to believe that during the course of your ministry we have been blessed with an unusually large share of your sympathy, support and attention. Humble as is our lot in this life, it has never been too humble for your spirit. During the long and toilsome struggle by which our late Rector (under God) established our church, we know that he was constantly indebted to you for encouragement and assistance. So frequently did you accord to him and to us your acceptable ministrations of the Holy Ordinances of Religion, that you incurred upon yourself that term of obloquy, which the vicious and the worldly have affixed to us as a name of reproach.

"When the voice of this diocese elected you to the Episcopal chair—in the triumph of that hour, when it might have been that your spirit was lifted up—our humble pulpit was the first from which you preached the WORD.

"When it pleased God suddenly to take unto himself the humble and devoted Presbyter, (the Rev. Peter Williams,) whom our souls loved, in that hour of painful bereavement you came and ministered unto us comfortable things in the Lord, and taught us to bow in submission to the dread will of the Almighty.

* * * * * *

"May we not, Right Reverend Father in God, even in your present humiliation, point you to these tokens of pleasant remembrance, and beseech you to be of good cheer; in the hope that they may not be altogether unavailing in lightening the grief of your spirit.

"Be assured that our confidence in you remains unshaken; our love, respect, and veneration, unaltered; and we shall greatly rejoice when the time shall come for us again to listen to your counsel and admonition, and to the word preached by you.

"May that Grace which passeth all understanding, be abundantly shed upon you. Pray for us. Our humble prayers are daily offered in your behalf.

"In the Bonds of Faith, we are, Right Reverend Father in God, Affectionately yours,"

Signed by the two churchwardens, and eight vestrymen.

Dissolve the Union.

Some of the Whig papers are comforting themselves with the reflection that the annexation of Texas is not yet consummated, and with the hope that it yet may be defeated. They are leaning upon a broken reed. It is true that the hope of Executive patronage, and the fear of the terrible whip of party discipline has as yet only obtained from Congress the consent that Annexation may take place. But this is enough, and settles the question beyond the probability of a peradventure. It only remains for Mr. Polk to settle the terms of the compact to make the two Governments one. He has learned but poorly the lesson which the past teaches, who believes that Southern slaveholders will be turned aside from their object by any protest of the minority, or even of the whole North, when that object is already within their grasp; or that Northern slaves will be men enough to turn upon their masters when once whipped into the most abject submission. The South has staked her all in this contest, and has conquered. It will be more than any party opposition can create which will drive her from the spoils. Especially is this true when she can array against any such opposition her formidable Northern ally, on which she can now rely with the most implicit confidence, as older pirates always do on young recruits, when they have once shed blood. The sense of common villainy is a firm bond when there is no honor left.

The Whigs need lay no such flattering unction to their consciences that anything they can now do, as Whigs, will prevent the consummation of this national iniquity. Let all due credit be given them for the stand their representatives took in Congress at the final trial, but with that trial their hopes are ended. Nor need we now reproach them with the fact that all were not faithful. The only wonder is, that so few scoundrels could be manufactured out of so much raw material. It is "a thing to thank God on."

Ten months ago they might have done something. Had they made the true issue the only one in the late presidential contest—had they nominated a man who had not avowed himself again and again the champion of Slavery—had they declared that this was a battle between Freedom and Slavery, and that Freedom was their choice, let the consequences be what they might,—then the result might have been different, and they might not now be mourning what they esteem the disastrous consequences of their defeat. Or even had they been wiser in what they did do, and could have by any means taught their candidate that his mission was silence, and have retained for him the benefit of the doubt that hung over his anti-Texas character, even then the result might have been different. But his many letters, puzzling his own friends, strengthening his enemies, and turning the wavering against him, was one chief cause of his loss of the election. But all this matters not now. The Whigs did what they did do, precisely because they were Whigs and not Abolitionists, and not opposed to Slavery except with provisos. They were ready to serve God if it came in their way, and did n't cost too much; and they have got their reward. What might have been, or might not have been, it boots little now to reckon, even if we could. Only this may we learn, and hope that they will also, the not new lesson, that right is always the highest expediency.

What, then, is to be done? is asked on every hand. There is no middle course left for those who would be true to the slave. DISSOLVE THE UNION. We should no longer say now, Dissolution or Abolition, for the alternative would not be accepted by the South, but DISSOLUTION AT ANY RATE, and IMMEDIATELY. Nothing is left us but this. The law of self-preservation even would compel us to this now. But for the slave we are almost powerless, so long as the bonds of union remain in form unbroken. This last proof of the moral and political depravity of the people, should convince the most sceptical, that thus consenting with evil, paralyses what good we might hope existed in the Northern people. To Dissolution, then, we should bend all our efforts. Let none be deceived by the allegation that Texas is not yet annexed. Those who listen to it, are most sadly deceived, and are allowing golden moments to pass away which should be used to arouse the people before they have settled back again into that death-like quiet which grows more and more fearful with every unsuccessful attempt to resist the tyranny that oppresses them, as with each attempt the power of resistance grows smaller and smaller. Let us not be deceived: "Texas in or Texas out," we go for Dissolution. But with Texas in we need, we can have, no stronger proof that the Union is, as it ever has been, a curse to the people, and those who adhere to it should be branded as the enemies of their country; and the monuments of the fathers who fastened it upon us, should be razed to the ground.—G.

The Extradition Treaty.

A correspondence is published between the Secretary of State and Mr. Everett, the Minister to England, relating to the demand for some fugitives from justice, under the Extradition Treaty. The criminals are slaves who are accused of having committed robbery, arson, and murder, in East Florida, and who afterward escaped to Nassau, New Providence. True bills were found against them in Florida. The provision of the Treaty under which they are claimed, is as follows:

"It is agreed that the United States and her Britannic Majesty shall, upon mutual requisitions by them or their ministers, officers, or authorities, respectively made, deliver up to justice all persons who, being charged with murder, or assault with intent to commit murder, or piracy, or arson, or robbery, or forgery, or utterance of forged papers, committed within the jurisdiction of either, shall seek an asylum, or shall be found within the territories of the other."

The Marshal of East Florida accordingly went to Nassau, with the proper requisitions from the British minister at Washington, and demanded the fugitives. But the Chief Justice of the Colony and his associates refused to deliver them to him. The ground of refusal was, that the indictment could not be received as evidence, and that therefore, the evidence was not such as the act of Parliament required. They say:

"What may constitute the crime of murder in Florida, may be very far from doing so according to British laws, or even the laws of the northern States of America. By issuing such a warrant, then, to apprehend the parties in virtue of these indictments, we might be doing so on evidence which would not justify their apprehension by the British laws, and should thereby be proceeded against in direct violation of the act."

The portion of the Treaty quoted above, has this proviso, upon which this refusal of the authorities of New Providence is based:

"Provided that this," the delivery up-to justice, "shall only be done upon such evidence of criminality as, according to the laws of the place where the fugitive or person so charged shall be found, would justify his apprehension and commitment for trial, if the crime or offence had there been committed."

Mr. Calhoun further declares, that it is assumed that the fugitives are slaves, and are therefore not included within the provisions of the Treaty.

It is well that this case has come up, and it is to be hoped that the British Government will maintain her position. In every instance where a colored man is claimed as a fugitive from justice, it should be clearly ascertained whether he be not also a fugitive from Slavery. And unless it is proven beyond the possibility of a doubt that he is guilty of crime, the fact of his having been a slave should be taken as prima facia evidence of his innocence. The United States in all such cases should be dealt with by Foreign Governments as a pirate and slave-trader, who is not to be believed upon oath.

Whose the Glory?

Mr. Tyler is determined on immortality. He cannot bear that the laurels which, he had hoped, were twined for his brow, should grace another's. And indeed it seems hard that the man who had worked so cheerfully for an immortality of infamy, should be deprived of it. But *diis aliter visum*; the fondest hopes are often doomed to fade away, and the best intentions to be frustrated. The power that was passing away, and had no more to give, paled before that which came full-handed, and ready to scatter, not lavishly, but judiciously, its gifts. But he has done what he could to insure to himself the glory of Annexation. The Globe says:

We understand that Mr. Tyler mounted one of his relations as an express, to hasten to communicate to Texas, that he, as President of the United States, had made his election as to the alternatives contained in the late act of Congress, looking to the admission of Texas into the Union; and that he had chosen that alternative which it is known could not have commanded a majority in the Senate, and had rejected that, which carried the majority in the House up from *twenty-two* to *fifty-six*.

To this the Morning News adds:

In this case, Mr. Tyler has finished a career, infamous throughout, by an act more infamous than was to be expected even from him.

Poor Mr. Tyler! He descends from his "bad eminence" with the execrations of all parties. All who disagree in everything else, agree at least in hating him. In his reign, the United States made their first foreign conquest; in his reign, has been consummated the long-wished-for extension of the "area of freedom," and the blessed privileges of our happy institutions secured to millions yet unborn. Yet he went alone and unattended in the early morning of the 5th of March, to take passage on a steamboat for his patriarchal home. Even the steamboat captain would not wait five minutes for his ex-captainship, and he was left behind! Truly, "Republics are ungrateful." But lucky Mr. Tyler! posterity will do him justice, and the future historian shall record that *he* sent the courier to Texas. Neither the fates nor Mr. Polk can undo that.

Colorphobia.

The hatred of the blacks will grow more rampant as a necessary result of the settled policy of the dominant party of the nation to create new facilities for their oppression. Even tyrants have conscience enough to make a plea for their villainy. The tyranny of this people has found its excuse in the assertion, that negroes are not capable of social refinement and civilization, and are not possessed of the nobler attributes of man, and may therefore the more justly be made slaves—an excuse which, if true, should bring to the shambles more than half of the late Congress of this Republic. In the pro-slavery column of to-day's paper, will be found a choice morceau of billingsgate, from the *New-York Herald*. The *Morning News*, which is a very good index to the feeling of its party, in allusion to the fact that the laborers in Jamaica chose to enjoy the Christmas holydays after their own fashion, rather than work, says:

The blacks should have consideration for their friends, the Abolitionists of England, who undertook to make industrious and frugal citizens out of the most improvident beings on the face of the earth, by changing the name from slave to apprentice.

Here is an appeal to pro-slavery prejudice, and a falsehood calculated, if not designed, to mislead in calling the free colored people of Jamaica, "apprentices." The *Cincinnati Enquirer* displays the same spirit. It is speaking of the bill before the Ohio Senate, allowing colored people to give evidence in courts of justice, against whites:

Ohio was designed not merely to be free from the evils of negro slavery, but free from the nuisance of free negroes. Their competition with our labor, their impudent pretensions to social and political equality, their idle habits, vicious propensities, intolerable insolence, and the fact that they must ever remain a distinct race, practically Helots—or worse still, fade away into tawny white and claim place as citizens, through the revolting process of *amalgamation*—these were all good and sufficient reasons, for the adoption and perseverance in the policy of entirely keeping them out.

A petition was lately presented to the Senate of Pennsylvania, praying that the right of suffrage might be given to free men of color. It was referred to the Judiciary Committee, with instructions to report against the petition. Not a single Democrat voted in its favor. The *Harrisburg Union*, in announcing this vote, says:

Our Democratic brethren of the South may here perceive that the interests they deem so eminently delicate and sacred, are nowhere more scrupulously respected than by the republican freeman of Pennsylvania.

In this city, proscription falls first upon the colored men. Some eight or ten of them who have been employed many years in the public store, have been turned out, and their places supplied by members of the Empire Club.

Straws show which way the wind blows. The Democratic party do not go for half-way measures.

Sentence of Fairbank.

The sentence of Judge Buckner upon Calvin Fairbank is given below. The merciful and Christian Judge, it will be seen, esteems the "grave and heinous crime" of assisting the wretched slaves to escape from their miserable lot, as far more worthy of death than imprisonment. God grant that the day may soon come when what there is left of morality, and humanity, and Christianity, in the Northern people, may be relieved from the thraldom which now binds them, and seals their lips with the oath to the accursed Constitution, that they may speak in tones becoming men of a system which produces necessarily such fruit as this. This Judge, no doubt, is a good Whig or a good Democrat, ay! and a good Christian too, as the world goes, and would be received as such by the pious brethren of nearly all the Northern churches. Read the "merciful" sentence.

You have been convicted by an impartial jury of your countrymen, upon three indictments for the abduction of slaves from this commonwealth. The crime of which you have been guilty is a grave and heinous one; it is a crime which not only injuriously affects the persons whose property you have stolen, but one which affects, in a high degree, the whole community; which strikes at its peace and tranquillity, nay, at its very existence. The law under which you stand convicted is a merciful one, for to my mind death itself does not appear too severe a punishment for the commission of a crime, the consequences of which are of so deep and momentous a character to us all. You have placed us in danger of our lives; you have endangered the very existence of our community *as* a community, by the efforts of yourself and your fanatic co-laborers, to sow discontent among our slaves; to incite them to insurrectionary movements, in order to regain their liberty. I say again, therefore, the law whose sentence you await is a merciful one. To the jury you are indebted, for that they have inflicted on you so slight a punishment, as they might have imprisoned you for sixty years. I was pleased to hear you express regret for the course you have pursued. If what you said to the jury were your real sentiments, and you still retain them, it may be that the Executive will see fit, in the exercise of his high prerogative, to remit some portion of your punishment. As you have professed your penitence, I hope he will. It remains for me only to pronounce the sentence of the law, which is, that you be taken hence to the jail and penitentiary house of this Commonwealth, there to remain at hard labor for the term of five years upon each one of the indictments against you, making the full term of fifteen years. Prisoner remanded to jail.

Miss Webster.

The following paragraph is from the Cincinnati Atlas. Though Miss Webster be no Abolitionist, I am glad she is out of the hands of the slaveholders, and glad for the sake of her own reputation that it is shown that she is innocent of the charge made against her. It is to be regretted that some of those persons who are taken for abducting slaves would not boldly avow the act and their motives. Their punishment would be no more severe, while they would command the respect of their enemies, both for themselves and the cause. Miss Webster's views upon abolition will go for what they are worth. I fancy they won't annihilate us.

MISS DELIA A. WEBSTER.—This young lady, together with her venerable father, is now at the Franklin House in this city. We have, at the request of Mr. Webster, carefully examined all the evidence introduced upon the trial, and that which has since been obtained, and find nothing in it inconsistent with the entire innocence of Miss Webster.

Her story is that Fairbank invited her to attend the wedding of Mr. Allen, a friend of his, who was about to be married to Miss Emma Smith, then in the neighborhood of Paris, Ky.—that after declining the invitation several times, she at last consented to go—that, near Paris, Mr. Allen and Miss Smith got into the hack with them, and drove on to Maysville and crossed the Ohio—that, finding herself deceived in the distance, she refused to go any farther—that Fairbank returned in a few hours after leaving her, and reported that they were married by Rev Mr. John Rankin, of Ohio, and that they then returned to Lexington—that no slaves rode with them in the hack, that she saw no slaves, and had no knowledge of any abduction—that she is not, and never was an Abolitionist, and never had any sympathy with their principles. Fairbank himself, has also given his testimony under oath, of the entire innocence of Miss Webster, in an affidavit from which we extract the following:

"I do know, to positive certainty, that Miss Webster is innocent of assisting Lewis, wife, and child, to escape, and I have every reason to believe she knew nothing of them, and never saw them in her life."

This was sworn to before the clerk of the Court.

On her return to Vermont, she intends to publish a full account of the whole transaction, and at the same time to express her views upon Slavery, and point out the folly and injurious course of the Abolitionists.

Since the above was in type I observe by the Cincinnati Herald that S. G. H. J. Rankin, a son of Rev. John Rankin, of Ripley Ohio, has pronounced Miss Webster's attempt to exculpate herself, a piece of deception and falsehood. He says:

"In reference to her story, I am prepared to say, (and there is no want of evidence to prove what I affirm) that it is not true, from beginning to end. That Miss Webster did accompany Fairbank to Ohio I know to be true; but that Mr. Allen and Miss Smith accompanied them to Ripley, Ohio, and were married by Rev. John Rankin, I know to be false. Mr. Rankin never heard or saw of Mr. Allen or Miss Smith.

"In regard to her not knowing of any abduction, and never seeing the slaves, or riding with them in the hack, together with Fairbank, I am prepared to prove, when necessary, that she did ride with the slaves, and that she did see them."

Progress of Infidelity.

The progress of infidelity is very much to be dreaded. Several instances have occurred within a few years, where men have declared the patriarchal institution to be sinful, but they were very properly cast out immediately from the bosom of the Church. The Maryland Legislature is happily alive to this sad state of things, and has recently laid upon the table, a bill for the establishment of religious freedom. Innovations, on the other hand, are continually made upon the established customs and rights of the Church. It will be remembered that the Mormons have decided not to regard with the leniency they have heretofore, the pastime of stealing horses. The Vicksburg churches have established another dangerous precedent. The *Constitutional* says that no smoking of pipes or segars is permitted in any church in that city! What are we coming to?

"Consecration of the 'Lone Star'."

Mr. C. C. Green, an artist, of Boston, has published a print with the above title. The principal figure is the King of the South, who is seated on his throne of skulls supported by the bowed forms of living men. He leans with one arm on the Constitution and the Bible, and in his right hand flourishes the slave-whip and chains. At his feet kneels a priest, who is pouring upon the altar libations of the blood of a slave, who lies behind him, exhausted from its loss, in the hands of the executioner. Amid the smoke of the incense waves the star-spangled banner, with the lone star in the centre, larger than all the rest. The King of the North, with his cap of Liberty in his hand, stands in a most abject attitude, with his truncheon pointing reverently downward. He is guarded by the redoubtable General Quattlebum, who looks as if even he thought the poor old monarch hardly needed to be guarded. In the back ground the Statue of Liberty is seen toppling over,—a mere relic of the past. The picture is more sad than humorous. Copies can be had at this office.

Mexico and the United States.

The following paragraph is from the National Intelligencer, of Monday. The event which it announces will, of course, surprise nobody. It is very doubtful whether war will follow. God forbid that it should, great as the provocation is. Nevertheless Mexico ought to banish any citizen of the United States beyond her borders, and to refuse further intercourse with this nation, as a nation of pirates, unworthy of the courtesy extended to the veriest savages:

In confirmation of the reports which have been in circulation here, and have already found their way into the Eastern papers, we learn that the Minister of Mexico to this country, (General ALMONTE,) has signified to this Government the termination of his mission, in consequence of the passage of the act for the annexation to the United States of the Province of Texas. He has addressed a letter to the Secretary of State, entering a solemn protest, in the name of his Government, against that law, which he declares to be an act of aggression the most unjust that modern history records, being, as he alledges, the spoliation of a friendly nation of a considerable part of its territory.

The minister has further asked for his passports, it being his purpose to leave this city for New-York as early as practicable, and there to embark for Mexico.

Louisiana and Massachusetts.

The Legislature of the former State have adopted the following resolutions. What will Massachusetts do? Protest again, probably, while Louisiana continues to imprison her citizens.

Resolved, That the General Assembly of Louisiana do hereby protest against the interposition of the State of Massachusetts between the police regulations of this State and persons affected by them, as an interference subversive of our domestic order and dangerous to the public peace.

Resolved, That this State will not recognize nor tolerate any mission, private or public, for the purpose of bringing and prosecuting suits, in behalf of colored persons, at the expense of that State, with the view of testing the legality of their imprisonment.

OUR AGENTS IN PENNSYLVANIA are meeting with the most signal success wherever they go. Lukewarm and doubting friends are becoming confirmed through their labors, and many persons who have never before been interested in the cause, are giving it their hearty adherence. Of course they meet with opposition, and this is a good sign, for where the pro-slavery spirit exists so strongly, that it must be developed in mobs and other oppressive acts, the sooner that dispensation is experienced, the better. A meeting was recently held at Norristown, of which the Norristown Free Press says:

A tremendous Anti-Slavery meeting was held at Twining's Hotel, on Saturday evening last. Not less than twelve hundred persons were present, the larger part of whom were obliged to stand in the street. Reason—Churches, Academy, and all public buildings closed against it. Query—*Is there no slavery here?*

MASSACHUSETTS.—In the Senate on Thursday of last week it was

Ordered, on motion of Mr. Adams, that the Joint SpecialC ommittee on the subject of Texas, consider whether further measures should be taken upon that subject during the present session of the General Court.

Ordered, on motion of Mr. Wilson, that the Committee on the Judiciary inquire into the expediency of providing by law, that any slave coming into this Commonwealth from Texas, shall enjoy all the rights of a freeman, and any person claiming or molesting him as a slave, be punished by —— years imprisonment in the State prison.

The Resolve, Declaration, and Protest, in relation to Mr. Hoar, and to South Carolina, were unanimously adopted by the Senate. The House have yet to act upon them.

LIBERTY OR DEATH.—The papers state that the coroner of New Orleans was called on the 18th ultimo, to hold an inquest on the body of a slave named Azolin, who had committed suicide on the morning of that day. The deceased was arrested the evening previous as a runaway, and shot himself as soon as his master appeared to take charge of him.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The Massachusetts Senate have passed the law, asked for by the friends of the colored people, in relation to public schools.

A POSTMISTRESS.—It is stated that Mrs. Linn, widow of the late Dr. L. F. Linn, formerly United States Senator from Missouri, will probably be appointed Postmistress at St. Louis. This would be an excellent arrangement. The duties of the station can as easily be performed by women as by men, and there is no good reason why all the offices should be monopolized by the latter.

Recent Publications.

A Journal of the Life, Gospel Labors, and Christian Experiences, of that faithful minister of Jesus Christ, John Woolman, late of Mount-Holly, in the Province of New Jersey, North America. To which are added, his last Epistle, and other writings. Isaiah xxxii. 17. The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever.—New-York: Collins, Brother & Co. 254 Pearl street. New Bedford: Wm. C. Taber & Son. 1845.

This edition of the life and writings of John Woolman, was commenced by the late James Cropper, and is now published, as it appears from the introductory remarks, "under the inspection of three Friends well known and esteemed in the Society." It will be a valuable addition to the library of Friends, for the character of John Woolman is highly esteemed among them, and his writings are usually considered, I believe, as among the best of any that have come from members of that Society. In an extract from a letter of Cropper's, given in the Preface, he says that the motive which most strongly pressed upon his mind, to give this book to the world was, "an earnest desire to hold up to the view of the members of our own Society, an example of what practically constitutes a *real Quaker*." The necessity of such an example is so urgent and evident, that I cannot but hope that the book will have a wide circulation. John Woolman was no time-serving Quaker, who expected to get to Heaven through the virtue of a straight coat and a solemn carriage, but he was faithful to the testimonies of the early Friends, and took up his cross daily. A portion of this volume is devoted to his "Considerations on the keeping of negroes," which, though written nearly a century ago, is good anti-slavery doctrine now, and would go far to subject him to discipline, were he now alive, among modern Quakers. The following passage from the introductory remarks by the editors is a word in season:

In the letter above referred to, dated 2d month 10th, 1840, J. C. again reverts to the testimony of John Woolman against the holding of slaves, and to his meek and self-denying labors in that righteous cause. It is not improbable that some copies of the present edition may be circulated in J. W's native land. Those upon whom has devolved the care of conducting this work through the press, would avail themselves of the opportunity which it presents, to call upon their brethren in America still to uphold a noble testimony against all oppression, in the same meek and gentle, yet faithful and uncompromising spirit; and affectionately to suggest to them, whether the fact of their being separated, as a body, from the polluting influence of slaveholding, through the self-denying labors of John Woolman and others of a kindred spirit, does not throw upon the members of the Society of Friends in the present generation, a great additional obligation, unceasingly to exert themselves, by every legitimate means, to promote the total and immediate extinction of this crying evil.

In the year 1758, J. W. thus addressed the yearly meeting of Philadelphia: "Many slaves on this continent are oppressed, and their cries have reached the ear of the Most High." Such are the purity and certainty of his judgments, that he cannot be partial in our favor; In infinite love and goodness he hath opened our understandings from one time to another, concerning our duty towards this people, and it is not a time for delay. Should we now be made sensible of what he requires of us, and through respect to the private interests of some persons, or through regard to some friendships which do not stand on an immutable foundation, neglect to do our duty in firmness and constancy, still waiting for some extraordinary means for their deliverance; it may be by terrible things in righteousness, God will answer us in this matter.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 7, 1845.

The two houses of Congress adjourned about twenty minutes before three, on the morning of the fourth.

The postage bill, after being again amended by the Senate, in an unimportant particular, finally *passed* both houses.

The bill establishing the Smithsonian Institute, failed to be taken up in the House, and was consequently *lost*.

The Texas bill was signed by Mr. Tyler immediately after its passage, and a relative of his mounted and sent off with express speed, to inform the aristocracy of that dominion, that "I, John," did it. Not so with the bill making appropriations for the rivers and harbors, in all parts of the country, so much needed by the people, and for the extension of the Cumberland road. This bill he neither vetoed nor signed, but stuffed it elbow deep in his breeches pocket, where it *perished*. It passed the two houses after much labor, and made appropriations for improvements in forty-eight rivers and harbors, and for the said road.

A bill has passed both houses, preventing the President from building vessels without the authority of Congress. This bill he vetoed, and it was taken up again and *passed* in both houses, by more than a two-third vote. In the Senate only *one* dissenting, in the House 31. This is the first time the Veto was ever overruled.

The *annual* appropriation bills, though crowded into the time of the 29th Congress, all *passed*.

The bill for the admission of Iowa and Florida as States, *passed* both houses by large majorities.

The Oregon bill failed to be taken up in the Senate, by two votes, consequently that bill is lost, and the negotiation now pending between our Secretary of State, and the British Minister, Pakenham, will not be interfered with. The latter says he is willing to settle the question on fair terms and in case it cannot be settled in that way, his Government is willing to submit it to any crowned head in Europe, to be chosen by the President of the United States.

The new Senate met on the fourth, in Extra Session, and after the qualifying of the Vice President and the new members, they proceeded to the east front of the Capitol, and, under a lowering sky and pelting rain, Mr. Polk was inaugurated and conducted to the "White House."

On this day, together with other demonstrations, the "Star Spangled Banner" was conspicuously displayed from the various party poles yet standing, from the Capitol, called the "Temple of Liberty," and from the high pole at the "Negro Pen," sometimes called the "Bastile of Washington." At the top of the main Democratic pole floated alone the flag of the "Lone Star," whilst the American flag at the "negro pen" was accompanied by another of Domestic or Home Manufacture, which bore on high the two personal nouns "Polk and Dallas."

The new Senate met again on the fifth, and after spending some time in Executive Session, confirmed the following—the new Cabinet of President Polk, all but the one named in connection with the office of Secretary of the Navy—

Secretary of State,	JAMES BUCHANAN, of Pa.
Secretary of the Treasury,	ROBERT J. WALKER, of Miss.
Secretary of War,	WILLIAM L. MARCY, of N. Y.
Secretary of the Navy,	GEORGE BANCROFT, of Mass.
Postmaster General,	CAVE JOHNSON, of Ten.
Attorney General,	JOHN Y. MASON, of Va.

Amos Kendall is said to have been appointed Post master at Washington, and Richard Rush, Minister to Great Britain.

On the night of the 5th, the National Theatre, together with a beautiful and conspicuous portion of the city being on Pennsylvania Avenue and 13th Street, amounting in all, to some ten or twelve houses, were destroyed by fire. The fire originated in the Theatre, and it is astonishing that the dense auditory escaped uninjured.

O. I. C. U.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from Feb. 23d, to March 19th, 1845.

Nicholas Martindale, Liverpool, Eng.	$4 00
B. Bucklin, West Winfield, N. Y.	1 00
Wendell Phillips, Boston,	2 00
John R. French, Victor, N. Y.	4 00
J. H. Sloucher, Savannah, Ohio,	2 00
Angus Patterson, Barnwell, S. C.	2 00
Peter Wilson, New-York,	50
James Hamer, Skippackville, Pa.	2 00
Caleb Benedict, New Canaan, Ct.	4 00
Isaac Hathaway, Portsmouth, R. I.	4 00
Mr. Bancroft, Providence, R. I.	6 00
Martha Robinson, " "	3 00
Thos. B. Tenner, "	3 00
John B. Kilton, "	1 50
Dr. Knapp, "	3 00
Israel Wilmer, "	1 50
Isaac Hale, "	1 50
Lydia T. Clark, "	40
Joseph Butler, Newburyport, Mass.	2 00
Lorenzo Turner, Bridgewater, N. Y.	2 00
John R. Williams, Buffalo, "	1 00
	50.40
Total amount,	$50.40

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

CORRECTION. In Acknowledgments a few weeks since, Susan C. Cabot should have been credited $11, instead of $1.

NOTICES.

NOTICE.

Abby Kelley, B. S. Jones, Dr. Hudson, and Jane E. Hitchcock, after finishing their present appointments in Montgomery county, will commence another tour into the interior of the State. Meetings, therefore, are notified for the following places. The friends in these places who post the notices, must be careful not to give the impression that Miss Kelley will attend and speak at all the meetings. Two, three, or the whole of the company will attend, just as circumstances may seem to make advisable.

Marshalton,	Chester County,	March 7th.
Chatham Square,	"	" 13th.
West Grove,	"	" 15th.
East Nottingham,	"	" 17th.
Rising Sun,	Md.	" 19th.

Then on, as will be notified in the next Freeman, through Drumore, Shasburg, Lampeter, Lancaster, Middletown, to Harrisburg. Then, perhaps, to York and Adams Counties. Returning, they will probably visit Waynesburg, Cambridge, and other places along that region, which heretofore have been without the benefit of Anti-Slavery lectures.

A stated meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at Sarah Douglass' schoolroom, (Seventh below Arch street,) on Thursday, the 13th instant, at half past three o'clock P. M.

PHEBE EARLE, *Sec'y.*

CONVENTIONS IN WESTERN NEW-YORK.

Mass Conventions will be held in the following places in Western New-York, and will be attended by J. B. Sanderson, and G. B. Stebbins, of Massachusetts, and W. W. Brown, and J. W. Hurn, of this State. At

Port Byron,	"	" March 5th and 6th.
Seneca Falls,	"	" " 12th and 13th.
Northville, Cayuga County,		" 19th and 20th.

The above named individuals will attend and hold meetings in different places in the county where mass meetings are to be held, and the friends in the county will please make arrangements for the meetings in their different localities. *Friends of the slave*, arouse!! Let Western New-York be redeemed! For the last year but little has been accomplished. Let it be made up by renewed effort the year to come! Send in your contributions to aid the Society in carrying on the great work we have undertaken, for whithout *money* our movements will of necessity be embarrassed. We need your help. Will each contribute their mite to sustain and carry forward the good cause. Eloquent and able advocates are in the field, and must be sustained.

Those who wish to contribute will have their contributions duly acknowledged through the Standard, by sending them to Henry Bush, Treasurer, Rochester, or to

E. W. CAPRON,
Gen'l. Agt. of Western N. Y. A. S. Soc.

THE BRANDED HAND.

The late frequent aggressions of the South on Northern Liberty, demands loudly from the friends of freedom in the North, a united and powerful expression of their entire sympathy with the Anti-Slavery prisoners; their unqualified approval of their course; and their deep abhorrence of the tyranny which confines them in Southern dungeons. As one means of expressing that sentiment, it is proposed to publish a paper, to be devoted to the cause of these noble Anti-Slavery martyrs.

Its title and motto will be—THE BRANDED HAND! It will be published once a month, at fifty cents a year, payable on delivery of the first number. It will know no particular sect in religion or organization in Slavery. All, therefore, who love truth and liberty, are invited to aid us. All profits beyond costs of publishing, to be given to the prisoners. All communications relative to the paper to be left at the *Anti-Slavery Office, Providence*.

PROSPECTUS OF "THE TRUE AMERICAN."

A NUMBER of Kentuckians, slaveholders and others, propose to publish in the *City of Lexington*, a paper devoted to gradual and constitutional emancipation, so as at some definite time to place our State upon the firm, safe, and just basis of liberty. The time has come when a large and respectable party, if not a majority of the people are prepared to take this subject up, and act so as to secure, the end proposed, without injustice to any, but with eminent benefit to all. A press is only necessary to give concentrated effort, and final success by free conference of opinion and untrammelled discussion.

We propose to act as a *State party*, not to unite with any party, State or National; expecting aid and encouragement from the lovers of liberty of all parties, we shall treat them with studied courtesy and forbearance, so far as it may be consistent with the integrity of the principles which govern us.

It is not proposed that our members should cut loose from their old party associations. The press under our control will appeal *temperately* but *firmly* to the interests and the reason, not to the passions, of our people: we shall take care rigidly to respect the legal rights of others, because we intend to *maintain our own*. We shall attempt to sustain in good faith the "*freedom of the press*." Whilst our organ will conscientiously vindicate and uphold the Christian morality in ethics, and constitutional republicanism in politics, its columns shall be open to all sects in all things concerning human action: believing with Jefferson, that there is no error so dangerous but that it may be left safely to the combat of reason, we utterly repudiate that false philosophy and time-serving expediency which caters to the tyranny of opinion, by excluding from the press whatever does not suit the fastidious tastes of "patrons"—our readers shall not be our masters; if they love not truth, they may go elsewhere. The times call for language plain, bold and true,—our cause is good,—our press shall be *independent*, or cease to exist,—designed to accomplish great purposes, to vindicate principles of interest to all mankind, it shall subserve the elevation of no man, disdain personal denunciation, and share the glory of its triumphs among all its supporters. A native born Kentuckian has engaged to edit "*The True American*," and as his opinions and feelings are expressed in the above outline of party action, he will be untrammeled in his independence, so long as he is faithful to the principles of his adoption.

"The True American" will be published weekly, in the city of Lexington, Kentucky; and it is proposed to make it embrace all the matter common in newspapers; especially will it regard the high place which labor holds in the economy of nature, and insist upon its enjoyment of a fair distribution of the products of capital. The size and appearance of the paper shall be as studiedly becoming and tasteful as its means will allow.

TERMS.

Two dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable in advance.

To any person or club taking five copies, Ten Dollars.

Numbers sent to persons not having once paid, to be regarded as gratuitous.

Advertisements according to current rates.

Bank notes of par value received from all parts of the Union, but Kentucky paper will be preferred. Letters to be directed to the undersigned, *post paid* in all cases.

The first number will be issued about the first of June, and all subscribers are desired to send in their names by the first of May next. C. M. CLAY.

On behalf of himself and others.

Lexington, Feb. 9, 1845.

☞ WM. C. BELL, Esq. is our sole agent for this paper north of "Mason and Dixon's line."

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.		**IRON.**	
Pot, first sort 1844.	3.75 a 3.93½	Pig, Eng.

Poetry.

From Tait's Magazine.

MONTHLY MEMENTOES.

FOR APRIL:—WAR DEPRECATED.

Grim, hideous relique of the savage Past,
The vin Moloch for six thousand years,
Who sees thy horrors, shuddering turns aghast,
Thou dreary pass of blood, of rapine, cairns, and tears.
Doth history blazon this a glorious way,
Where conquerors slaughtered hinds to nourish kings,
Treading God's wine-press with their feet of clay,
In monstrous scorn of humanizing things,
Man's bliss or being frantic to bewray? [sings:
Oh! every hour and wind the treacherous falsehood
Yet war—this barbarous heritage,
This winter of the wide world's story,
This lava rolling through each Age,
Grave madmen recognize as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.

And must these Thugs still pile the battle pyre?
Must human shambles still be human gear?
Must Carnage raise his bloody altars higher,
And scath the living hearts of half a hemisphere?
Christian and patriot, what is your decree?
Enlighten'd statesman, your wise code unfold—
Speak priests and prelates—He of Galilee
Demand your practice of His precepts old—
How? Warriors all!—Huge hypocrites are ye, [sold.
Or, else, your creed is false and heaven's a cheat that's
For war— the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
Red lava roaring through each Age,
You, madmen, recognize as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.

Christian or pagan, gothic or refined,
Earth's old distemper, Wrong, remains the same.
Greed leads forth Conquest, Vengeance grins behind,
And all man's boasted gain proves but an altered name.
Explore Time's archives—through the lustrums gone
Fame smiles on Fury;—through each varied creed,
Priests herd with soldiers ever and anon!
Do tyrants topple, or do subjects bleed—
Are systems raised or systems trampled on? [meed!
Fame holds her lamp to Force—yea, Slaughter hath the
For war—the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
The lava roaring through each Age,
Grave madmen recognize as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.

Should this be so? Does man exist for this,
To reap the harvest of the life of man?
Being he has, and hopes hereafter bliss,
Yet reckless mars them both when "valiantly" he can.
With all the battles for his leagues of land—
With all the murders for his monarch's thrones—
With all the prayers to bless "the hero band,"
With all the glory of foes' rotting bones,
Avails his wish in that Space grasping Hand
Which holds the harp of Life and loves to wake its tones?
Yet war—the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
The lava roaring through each Age,
Grave madmen recognize as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.

Albeit, conflict rageth as of yore!—
This month of April hath its epochs brave,
It saw the Barons' league. The Charter bore [Slave!
Themselves and churchmen free, but call'd the People—
Then priests took arms, true militant on earth,
With fetishions slaying whom they first would curse,
And, being warlike, proved the second birth
Was cutting Paynim—or a Hebrew's purse:
No lukewarm scruples checked their murderous mirth;*
God's Word they make a corpse, and all the world its
hearse.
For war—the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
The lava that devoured the Age,
Those madmen recognized as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth's countless fools, untaught, grow hoary!

This month, too, saw the battle of Dunbar:
When English Edward seized on Scotia's throne,
Couting with blood—as other trophies are—
The patriarch's pillow borne from Royal Stone.†
That Age ferocious wore a butcher's knife
And bred a race of sanguinary Thors,
Of whom this month closed Cœur de Lion's strife—
And those foul murders called the Civil Wars.
This month, at Barnet, took false Warwick's life:
Chiefs in that heinous crime which injured heaven abhors:
Yet war—the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
The lava roaring through each Age,
Grave madmen recognize as glory!
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary.

This month gave birth to one who slew his Liege,
Cromwell yeleped—a man of blood and prayer!
The warrior empire raised in Europe's siege
This month came thundering down—a ruin and despair‡!
Why farther yet the hateful theme pursue?
These men are memories, and their power's no more;
Thousands rush by in shadowy review
Who led the strife, or all its fury bore,
Proving, with those, this holy maxim true—
Perdition waits each cause imbrued in human gore:
Yet war—the barbarous heritage,
The winter of the wide world's story,
The lava roaring through each Age,
Grave madmen recognize as glory!—
Hence, Wisdom, on thy pilgrimage!
Earth and her countless fools grow hoary. J. A. O.

* The title of "The Army of God and Holy Church," was given to the armed barons and ecclesiastics who demanded Magna Charta. This was in accordance with the spirit of the Crusades—that purely ecclesiastical way. During the two hundred years of its continuance, the very essences of Christianity—love, peace, and mercy—were openly denounced, and in their stead, hatred, massacre, and spoliation were advocated in the pulpit and sanctified at the altar. Debtors' liabilities were cancelled—murderers were forgiven—and heaven was assured to all to do slaughter on the Saracen. The loss of life ensuing from these atrocities is incalculable: at the seige of Acre alone, three hundred thousand men were destroyed, besides five hundred barons, forty earls, six archbishops, and twelve bishops, with priests, friars, and camp-followers innumerable.

† The old coronation seat of Scotland is a large square stone, the identical one—as its legend represents—on which Jacob rested his head when he dreamed of the heavenly ladder. It is now fixed beneath the seat of the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey.

‡ Bonaparte abdicated the throne of France, April eleventh, eighteen hundred and fourteen.

SPICE OF ENGLISH NEWS.

"RASH ASSAULT"—(NEW NAME FOR RAILROAD.)

Sonnet on the projected Kendal & Windermere Railway.

BY WORDSWORTH.

Is there no nook of English ground secure
From *rash assault*? Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
Must perish: how can these this blight endure?
And must he too his old delights disown
Who seems a false utilitarian lure
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright scene, from Orrest-head
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance!
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature; and if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds, ye torrents, with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong!
RYDAL MOUNT, Oct. 12, 1844.

Miscellany.

THE CHIMES!

A Goblin Story of some Bells that Rang an Old Year Out, and a New Year In.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

THE FOURTH QUARTER.

(Concluded.)

"Hard weather, indeed," returned his wife, shaking her head.

"Aye, aye! Years," said Mr. Tugby, "are like Christians in that respect. Some of 'em die hard; some of 'em die easy. This one has n't many days to run, and is making a fight for it. I like him all the better. There's a customer, my love!"

Attentive to the rattling door, Mrs. Tugby had already risen.

"Now, then!" said the lady, passing out into the little shop. "What's wanted? Oh! I beg your pardon, Sir, I'm sure. I did n't think it was you."

She made this apology to a gentleman in black, who, with his wristbands tucked up, and his hat cocked loungingly on one side, and his hands in his pockets, sat down astride on the table-beer barrel, and nodded in return.

"This is a bad business, up stairs, Mrs. Tugby," said the gentleman. "The man can't live."

"Not the back-attic can't!" cried Tugby, coming out into the shop to join the conference.

"The back-attic, Mr. Tugby," said the gentleman, "is coming down stairs fast; he will be below the basement very soon."

Looking by turns at Tugby and his wife, he sounded the barrel with his knuckles for the depth of beer, and having found it, played a tune upon the empty part.

"The back-attic, Mr. Tugby," said the gentleman;—Tugby having stood in silent consternation for some time;—"is Going."

"Then," said Tugby, turning to his wife, "he must Go, you know, before he's Gone."

"I don't think you can move him," said the gentleman, shaking his head. "I would n't take the responsibility of saying it could be done myself. You had better leave him where he is. He can't live long."

"It's the only subject," said Tugby, bringing the butter scale down upon the counter with a crash, by weighing his fist on it, "that we've ever had a word upon; she and me; and look what it comes to! He's going to die here, after all. Going to die in our house."

"And where should he have died, Tugby!" cried the wife.

"In the workhouse," he returned. "What are the workhouses made for?"

"Not for that," said Mrs. Tugby, with great energy. "Not for that. Neither did I marry you for that. Don't think of it, Tugby, I won't have it. I won't have it. I won't allow it. I'd be separated first, and never see your face again."

When my widow's name stood over that door, as it did for many, many years; this house being known as Mrs. Chickenstalker's, far and wide, and never known but to its honest credit and its good report; when my widow's name stood over that door, Tugby, I knew him as a handsome, steady, manly, independent youth; I knew her as the sweetest-looking, sweetest-tempered girl, eyes ever saw; I knew her father, (poor old creetur, he fell down from the steeple, walking in his sleep, and killed himself,) for the simplest, hardest-working, childest-hearted man, that ever drew the breath of life; and when I turn them out of house and home, may angels turn me out of Heaven. As they would. And serve me right."

Her old face, which had been a plump and dimpled one before the changes had come to pass, seemed to shine out of her as she said these words; and when she dried her eyes and shook her head and her handkerchief at Tugby, with an expression of firmness which it was quite clear was not to be easily resisted, Trotty said, "Bless her! Bless her!"

Then he listened, with a panting heart, for what should follow. Knowing nothing yet, but that they spoke of Meg.

If Tugby had been a little elevated in the parlor, he more than balanced that account by being not a little depressed in the shop, where he now stood staring at his wife, without attempting a reply; secretly conveying, however—either in a fit of abstraction or as a precautionary measure—all the money from the till into his own pocket as he looked at her.

The gentleman upon the table-beer cask, who appeared to be some authorized medical attendant upon the poor, was far too well accustomed, evidently, to little differences of opinion between man and wife, to interpose any remark in this instance. He sat softly whistling, and turning little drops of beer out of the tap on the ground, until there was a perfect calm: when he raised his head, and said to Mrs. Tugby, late Chickenstalker,

"There's something interesting about the woman, even now. How did she come to marry him?"

"Why, that," said Mrs. Tugby, taking a seat near to him, "is not the least cruel part of her story, Sir. You see they kept company, she and Richard, many years ago. When they were a young and beautiful couple, everything was settled, and they were to have been married on a New Year's day. But, somehow, Richard got it into his head, through what the gentleman told him, that he might do better, and that he'd soon repent it, and that she was n't good enough for him, and that a young man of spirit had no business to be married. And the gentleman frightened her, and made her melancholy, and timid of his deserting her, and of her children coming to the gallows, and of its being wicked to be man and wife, and a good deal more of it. And in short, they lingered, and lingered, and their trust in one another was broken, and so at last was the match. But the fault was his. She would have married him, Sir, joyfully. I've seen her heart swell, many times afterwards, when he passed her in a proud and careless way; and never did a woman grieve more truly for a man, than she for Richard when he first went wrong."

"Oh! he went wrong, did he?" said the gentleman, pulling out the vent-peg of the table-beer, and trying to peep down into the barrel through the hole.

"Well, Sir, I don't know that he rightly understands himself, you see. I think his mind was troubled by their having broke with one another; and that but for being ashamed before the gentleman, and perhaps for being uncertain, too, how she might take it, he'd have gone through any suffering or trial to have had Meg's promise and Meg's hand again. That's my belief. He never said so; more's the pity! He took to drinking, idling, bad companions: all the fine resources that were to be so much better for him than the home he might have had. He lost his looks, his character, his health, his strength, his friends, his work: everything!"

"He did n't lose everything, Mrs. Tugby," returned the gentleman, "because he gained a wife; and I want to know how he gained her."

"I'm coming to it, Sir, in a moment. This went on for years and years; he sinking lower and lower; she enduring, poor thing, miseries enough to wear her life away. At last, he was so cast down, and cast out, that no one employed or noticed him; and doors were shut against him, go where he would. Applying from place to place, and door to door; and coming for the hundredth time to one gentleman, who had often and often tried him, (he was a good workman to the very end;) that gentleman, who knew his history, said, 'I believe you are incorrigible; there is only one person in the world who has a chance of reclaiming you; ask me to trust you no more, until she tries to do it.' Something like that, in his anger and vexation."

"Ah!" said the gentleman. "Well?"

"Well, Sir, he went to her, and kneeled to her; said it was so; said it ever had been; and made a prayer to her to save him."

"And she—Don't distress yourself, Mrs. Tugby."

"She came to me that night to ask me about living here. 'What he was once to me,' she said, 'is buried in a grave; side by side with what I was to him. But I have thought of this; and I will make the trial. In the hope of saving him; for the love of the light-hearted girl (you remember her) who was to have been married on a New Year's day; and for the love of her Richard.' And she said she had come to her from Lilian, and Lilian had trusted to him, and she never could forget that. So they were married; and when they came home here, and I saw them, I hoped that such prophecies as parted them when they were young, may not often fulfil themselves as they did in this case, or I would n't be the makers of them for a mine of gold."

The gentleman got off the cask, and stretched himself; observing,

"I suppose he used her ill, as soon as they were married?"

"I don't think he ever did that," said Mrs. Tugby, shaking her head, and wiping her eyes. "He went on better for a short time; but his habits were too old and strong to be got rid of; he soon fell back a little; and was falling fast back, when his illness came so strong upon him. I think he has always felt for her. I am sure he has. I've seen him, in his crying fits and tremblings, try to kiss her hand; and I have heard him call her 'Meg,' and say it was her nineteenth birth-day. There he has been lying now, these weeks and months. Between him and her baby, she has not been able to do her work; and by not being able to be regular, she has lost it, even if she could have done it. How they have lived I hardly know!"

"I know," muttered Mr. Tugby; looking at the till, and round the shop, and at his wife; and rolling his head with immense intelligence. "Like Fighting Cocks!"

He was interrupted by a cry—a sound of lamentation—from the upper story of the house. The gentleman moved hurriedly to the door.

"My friend," said he, looking back, "you need n't discuss whether he shall be removed or not. He has spared you that trouble, I believe."

Saying so, he ran up stairs, followed by Mrs. Tugby; while Mr. Tugby panted and grumbled after them at leisure: being rendered more than commonly short-winded by the weight of the till, in which there had been an inconvenient quantity of copper. Trotty, with the child beside him, floated up the staircase like mere air.

"Follow her! Follow her! Follow her!" He heard the ghostly voices in the Bells repeat these words as he ascended. "Learn it, from the creature dearest to your heart!"

It was over. It was over. And this was she, her father's pride and joy. This haggard, wretched woman, weeping by the bed, if it deserved that name, and pressing to her breast, and hanging down her head upon an infant. Who can tell how spare, how sickly, and how poor an infant? Who can tell how dear!

"Thank God!" cried Trotty, holding up his folded hands. "Oh God be thanked! She loves her child."

The gentleman, not otherwise hard-hearted, or indifferent to such scenes, than that he saw them every day, and knew that they were figures of no moment in the Filer sums—mere scratches in the working of those calculations—laid his hand upon the heart that beat no more, and listened for the breath, and said, "His pain is over. It's better as it is." Mrs. Tugby tried to comfort her with kindness. Mr. Tugby tried philosophy.

"Come, come!" he said, with his hands in his pockets, "you mus'n't give way, you know. That won't do. You must fight up. What would become of me, if *I* had given way when I was porter; and we had as many as six runaway carriage-doubles at our door in one night! But I fell back upon my strength of mind, and did n't open it!"

Again Trotty heard the voices, saying, "Follow her!" He turned towards his guide, and saw it rising from him, passing through the air. "Follow her!" it said. And vanished.

He hovered round her; sat down at her feet; looked up in her face for one trace of her old self; listened for one note of her old pleasant voice. He flitted round the child: so wan, so prematurely old, so dreadful in its gravity, so plaintive in its feeble, mournful, miserable wail. He almost worshipped it. He clung to it as her only safeguard; as the last unbroken link that bound her to endurance. He set his father's hope and trust on the frail baby; watched her every look upon it as she held it in her arms; and cried a thousand times: "She loves it! God be thanked, she loves it."

He saw the woman tend her in the night; return to her when her grudging husband was asleep, and all was still; encourage her, shed tears with her, set nourishment before her. He saw the day come, and night again; the day, the night; the time go by; the house of death relieved of death; the room left to herself and the child; he heard it moan and cry; he saw it harass her, and tire her out, and when she slumbered in exhaustion, drag her back to consciousness, and hold her with its little hands upon the rack; but she was constant to it, gentle with it, patient with it. Patient! Was its loving mother in her inmost heart and soul, and had its Being knitted up with hers as when she carried it unborn.

All this time she was in want; languishing away, in dire and pining want. With the baby in her arms, she wandered here and there, in quest of occupation; and with its thin face lying in her lap, and looking up in hers, did any work for any wretched sum: a day and a night of labor for as many farthings as there were figures on the dial. If she had quarrelled with it; if she had neglected her; if she had looked upon it with a moment's hate; if, in the frenzy of an instant, she had struck it! No. His comfort was she loved it always.

She told no one of her extremity, and wandered abroad in the day lest she should be questioned by her only friend; for any help she received from her hands, occasioned fresh disputes between the good woman and her husband; it was new bitterness to be the daily cause of strife and discord, where she owed so much.

She loved it still. She loved it more and more. But a change fell on the aspect of her love, one night.

She was singing faintly to it in its sleep, and walking to and fro to hush it, when her door was softly opened, and a man looked in.

"For the last time," he said.

"William Fern!"

"For the last time."

He listened like a man pursued: and spoke in whispers.

"Margaret, my race is nearly run. I could n't finish it, without a parting word with you. Without one grateful word."

"What have you done?" she asked: regarding him with terror.

He looked at her, but gave no answer.

After a short silence, he made a gesture with his hand, as if he set her question by; as if he brushed it aside; and said,

"It's long ago, Margaret, now: but that night is as fresh in my memory as ever 'twas. We little thought, then," he added, looking round, "that we should ever meet like this. Your child, Margaret? Let me have it in my arms. Let me hold your child."

He put his hat upon the floor, and took it, and he trembled, as he took it, from head to foot.

"Is it a girl?"

"Yes."

He put his hand before its little face.

"See how weak I'm grown, Margaret, when I want the courage to look at it! Let it be a moment. I won't hurt her. It's long ago, but—What's her name?"

"Margaret," she answered, quickly.

"I'm glad of that," he said. "I'm glad of that." He seemed to breathe more freely; and after pausing for an instant, took away his hand, and looked upon the infant's face. But covered it again immediately.

"Margaret," he said; and gave her back the child. "It's Lilian's!"

"Lilian's!"

"I held the same face in my arms when Lilian's mother died and left her," she repeated, wildly.

"When Lilian's mother died and left her!" she repeated, wildly.

"How shrill you speak! Why do you fix your gaze upon me so, Margaret?"

She sunk down in a chair, and pressed the infant to her breast, and wept over it. Sometimes she released it from her embrace, to look anxiously in its face: and then strained it to her bosom again. At those times—when she gazed upon it—then it was that something fierce and terrible began to mingle with her love. Then it was that her old father quailed.

"Follow her" was sounded through the house. "Learn it, from the creature dearest to your heart!"

"Margaret," said Fern, bending over her, and kissing her upon the brow, "I thank you for the last time. Good night. Good bye. Put your hand in mine, and tell me you'll forget me from this hour, and try to think the end of me was here."

"What have you done?" she asked, again.

"There'll be a Fire to-night," he said, removing from her. "There'll be Fires this winter-time, to light the dark nights East, West, North, and South. When you see the distant sky red, they'll be blazing. When you see the distant sky red, think of me no more; or if you do, think what a hell was lighted up inside of me, and think you see its flames reflected in the clouds. Good night. Good bye."

She called to him; but he was gone. She sat down stupified, until her infant roused her to a sense of hunger, cold, and darkness. She paced the floor with it the live-long night, hushing it and soothing it. She said at intervals, "Like Lilian, when her mother died and left her." Why was her step so quick, her eye so wild, her love so fierce and terrible, whenever she repeated those words?

"But it is Love," said Trotty. "It is Love. She'll never cease to love it. My poor Meg."

She dressed the child next morning with unusual care—ah! vain expenditure of care upon such squalid robes—and once more tried to find some means of life. It was the last day of the old Year. She tried till night, and never broke her fast. She tried in vain.

She mingled with an abject crowd, who tarried in the snow, until it pleased some officer appointed to dispense the public charity, (the lawful charity—not that once preached upon a Mount,) to call them in, and say to this one, "go to such a place," to that one, "come next week;" to make a foot-ball of another wretch, and pass him here and there, from hand to hand, from house to house, until he wearied and laid down to die; or started up and robbed, and so became a higher sort of criminal, whose claims allowed of no delay. She loved her child, and wished to have it lying on her breast. And that was quite enough.

It was night—a bleak, dark, cutting night: when, pressing the child close to her for warmth, she arrived outside the house she called her home. She was so faint and giddy, that she saw no one standing in the doorway until she was close upon it, and about to enter. Then she recognized the master of the house, who had so disposed himself—with his person it was not difficult—as to fill up the whole entry.

"Oh," he said, softly. "You have come back?"

She looked at the child, and shook her head.

"Don't you think you have lived here long enough without paying any rent? Don't you think that, without any money, you've been a pretty constant customer at this shop, now?" said Mr. Tugby.

She repeated the same mute appeal.

"Suppose you try and deal somewhere else," he said. And suppose you provide yourself with another lodging. Come—don't you think you could manage it?"

She said, in a low voice, that it was very late. To-morrow.

"Now I see what you want," said Tugby, "and what you mean. You know there are two parties in this house about you, and you delight in setting 'em by the ears. I don't want any quarrels: I'm speaking softly to avoid a quarrel; but if you don't go away, I'll speak out loud, and you shall cause words high enough to please you. But you shan't come in. That I am determined."

She put her hair back with her hand, and looked in a sudden manner at the sky, and the dark lowering distance.

"This is the last night of an Old Year: and I won't carry ill-blood and quarrellings and disturbances into a New One, to please you nor anybody else," said Tugby, who was quite a retail Friend and Father. "I wonder you an't ashamed of yourself, to carry such practices into a New Year. If you haven't any business in the world, but to be always giving way, and always making disturbances between man and wife, you'd be better out of it. Go along with you."

"Follow her! To desperation!"

Again the old man heard the voices. Looking up, he saw the figures hovering in the air, and pointing where she went, down the dark street.

"She loves it!" he exclaimed, in agonized entreaty for her. "Chimes!" She loves it still!"

"Follow her!" The Shadows swept upon the track she had taken, like a cloud.

He joined in the pursuit; he kept close to her; he looked into her face. He saw the same fierce and terrible expression mingling with her love, and kindling in her eyes. He heard her say, "Like Lilian! To be changed like Lilian!" and her speed redoubled.

Oh, for something to awaken her. For any sight, or sound, or scent, to call up tender recollections in a brain on fire! For any gentle image of the Past, to rise before her!

"I was her father! I was her father!" cried the old man, stretching out his hand to the dark Shadows flying on above. "Have mercy on her, and on me! Where does she go? Turn her back! I was her father!"

But they only pointed to her, as she hurried on, and said, "To desperation! Learn it from the creature dearest to your heart."

A hundred voices echoed it. The air was made of breath expended in those words. He seemed to take them in, at every gasp he drew. They were everywhere, and not to be escaped. And still she hurried on—the same light in her eyes, the same words in her mouth: "Like Lilian! To be changed like Lilian!"

All at once she stopped.

"Now, turn her back!" exclaimed the old man, tearing his white hair. "My child! Meg! Turn her back—Great Father, turn her back!"

In her own scanty shawl, she wrapped the baby warm. With her fevered hands she smoothed its limbs, composed its face, arranged its mean attire. In her wasted arms she folded it, as though she never would resign it more. And with her dry lips, kissed it in a final pang, and last long agony of Love.

Putting its tiny hand up to her neck, and holding it there, within her dress, next to her distracted heart, she set its sleeping face against her—closely, steadily, against her: and sped onward to the river.

To the Rolling River, swift and dim, where Winter Night sat brooding like the last dark thoughts of many who had sought a refuge there before her. Where scattered lights upon the banks gleamed sullen, red, and dull, as torches that were burning there, to show the way to Death. Where no abode of living people cast its shadow, on the deep, impenetrable, melancholy shade.

To the River? To that portal of Eternity, her desperate footsteps tended with the swiftness of its rapid waters running to the sea. He tried to touch her as she passed him, going down to its dark level: but the wild, distempered form, the fierce and terrible love, the desperation that had left all human check or hold behind, swept by him like the wind. He followed her. She paused a moment on the brink, before the dreadful plunge. He fell down on his knees, and in a shriek addressed the figures in the Bells now hovering above them.

"I have learnt it," cried the old man, "from the creature dearest to my heart. Oh, save her, save her!"

He could wind his fingers in her dress—could hold it! As the words escaped his lips, he felt his sense of touch return, and knew that he detained her.

The figures looked down steadfastly upon him.

"I have learned it," cried the old man. "Oh, have mercy on me in this hour, if, in my love for her, so young and good, I slandered Nature in the breasts of mothers rendered desperate! Pity my presumption, wickedness, and ignorance, and save her."

He felt his hold relaxing, they were silent still.

"Have mercy on her!" he exclaimed, "as one in whom this dreadful crime has sprung from Love perverted—from the strongest, deepest Love we fallen creatures know! Think what her misery must have been, when such seed bears such fruit! Heaven meant her to be good. There is no loving mother on earth who might not come to this, if such a life had gone before. Oh, have mercy on my child, who, even at this pass, means mercy to her own, and dies herself, and perils her Immortal Soul, to save it?"

She was in his arms. He held her now. His strength was like a giant's.

"I see the spirit of the Chimes among you!" cried the old man, singling out the child, and speaking in some inspiration, which their looks conveyed to him. "I know that our inheritance is held in store for us by Time. I know there is a Sea of Time to rise one day, before which all who wrong us or oppress us will be swept away like leaves. I see it, on the flow! I know that we must trust and hope, and neither doubt ourselves, nor doubt the Good in one another. I have learnt it from the creature dearest to my heart. I clasp her in my arms again. Oh, Spirits, merciful and good, I am grateful!"

He might have said more, but the Bells—the old familiar Bells,—his own dear constant, steady friends, the Chimes—began to ring the joy-peals for a New Year, so lustily, so merrily, so happily, so gayly, that he leapt upon his feet, and broke the spell that bound him.

"And whatever you do, father," said Meg, "don't eat tripe again, without asking some doctor whether it's likely to agree with you; for how you *have* been going on, good gracious!"

She was working with her needle, at the little table by the fire—dressing her simple gown with ribbons for her wedding. So quietly happy, so blooming and youthful, so full of beautiful promise, that he uttered a great cry as if it were an Angel in his house; then flew to clasp her in his arms.

But he caught his feet in the newspaper, which had fallen on the hearth; and somebody came rushing in between them.

"No!" cried the voice of this same somebody; a generous and jolly voice it was! "Not even you. Not even you. The first kiss of Meg in the New Year is mine! I have been waiting outside the house, this hour, to hear the Bells and claim it. Meg, my precious prize; a happy year! A life of happy years, my darling wife!"

And Richard smothered her with kisses.

You never, in all your life, saw anything like Trotty after this. I don't care where you have lived, or what you have seen; you never, in your life, saw anything at all approaching him! He sat down in his chair and beat his knees and cried; he sat down in his chair and beat his knees and laughed; he sat down in his chair and beat his knees, and laughed and cried together; he got out of his chair and hugged Meg; he got out of his chair and hugged Richard; he got out of his chair and hugged them both at once; he kept running up to Meg, and squeezing her fresh face between his hands and kissing it, going from her backwards not to lose sight of it, and running up again like a figure in a magic lantern; and whatever he did, he was constantly sitting himself down in his chair, and never stopping in it for one single moment; being—that's the truth—beside himself with joy.

"And to-morrow's your wedding day, my pet!" cried Trotty. "Your real, happy wedding day!"

"To-day!" cried Richard, shaking hands with him.

"To-day. The Chimes are ringing in the New Year. Hear them!"

They WERE ringing! Bless their sturdy hearts, they WERE! Great Bells as they were—melodious, deep-mouthed, noble Bells; cast in no common metal; made by no common founder; when had they ever chimed like that, before?

"But to-day, my pet," said Trotty. "You and Richard had some words to-day."

"Because he's such a bad fellow, father," said Meg. "Aint you, Richard? such a headstrong, violent man! He'd have no more of speaking his mind to that great Alderman, and putting *him* down, I don't know where, than he would of—"

"Kissing Meg," suggested Richard. Doing it too!

"No. Not a bit more," said Meg. But I would n't let him, father. Where would have been the use?"

"Richard, my boy!" cried Trotty. "You was turned up Trumps originally, and Trumps you must be till you die. But you were crying by the fire to-night, my pet, when I came home. Why did you cry by the fire?"

"I was thinking of the years we've passed together, father. Only that. And thinking you might miss me, and be lonely."

Trotty was backing off to that extraordinary chair again, when the child, who had been awakened by the noise, came running in half-dressed.

"Why, here she is!" cried Trotty, catching her up. "Here's little Lilian! Ha, ha, ha! Here we are, and here we go! Oh, here we are, and here we go again! And here we are and here we go! And Uncle Will, too!" Stopping in his trot to greet him heartily. "Oh, Uncle Will, the Vision that I've had to-night, through lodging you. Oh, Uncle Will, the obligations that you've laid me under, by your coming, my good friend!"

Before Will Fern could make the least reply, a band of music burst into the room, attended by a flock of neighbors, screaming, "A Happy New Year, Meg!" "A Happy Wedding!" "Many of 'em!" fragmentary good wishes of that sort. The Drum, (who was a private friend of Trotty's,) then stepped forward and said:

"Trotty Veck, my boy, it's got about, that your daughter is going to be married to-morrow. There an't a soul that knows you that don't wish you well, or that knows her and don't wish her well. Or that knows you both, and don't wish you all the happiness the New Year can bring. And we are to play it in, and dance it in, accordingly."

Which was received with a general shout. The Drum was rather drunk, by-the-bye; but never mind.

"What a happiness it is, I'm sure," said Trotty, "to be so esteemed! How kind and neighborly you are. Its all along of my dear daughter. She deserves it!"

They were ready for a dance in half a second (Meg and Richard at the top); and the Drum was on the very brink of leathering away with all his power; when a combination of prodigious sounds were heard outside, and a good-humored, comely woman of some fifty years of age, or thereabouts, came running in, attended by a man bearing a stone pitcher of terrific size, and closely followed by the marrow-bones and cleavers, and bells: not THE Bells, but a portable collection, on a frame.

Trotty said: "It's Mrs. Chickenstalker!" and sat down, and beats his knees again.

"Married, and not tell me, Meg!" cried the good woman. "Never! I could n't rest on the last night of the Old Year without coming to wish you joy. I could n't have done it, Meg. Not if I had been bed-ridden. So here I am; and as its New Year's Eve, and the eve of your wedding, too, my dear, I had a little flip made, and brought it with me."

Mrs. Chickenstalker's notion of a little flip did honor to her character. The pitcher steamed and smoked and reeked like a volcano; and the man who had carried it, was faint.

"Mrs. Tugby!" said Trotty, who had been going round and round her, in an ecstacy, "I SHOULD say, Chickenstalker—bless your heart and soul! A happy New Year, and many of 'em! Mrs. Tugby," said Trotty when he had saluted her; "I SHOULD say Chickenstalker—this is William Fern and Lilian."

The worthy dame, to his surprise, turned very pale and very red.

"Not Lilian Fern, whose mother died in Dorsetshire!" said she.

Her uncle answered, "Yes," and meeting hastily, they exchanged some hurried words together; of which the upshot was, that Mrs. Chickenstalker shook him by both hands; saluted Trotty on his cheek again, of her own free will, and took the child to her capacious breast.

"Will Fern!" said Trotty, pulling on his right-hand muffler. "Not the friend that you was hoping to find?"

"Aye!" returned Will, putting a hand on each of Trotty's shoulders. "And like to prove a'most as good a friend, if that can be, as one I found."

"Oh!" said Trotty. "Please to play up there. Will you have the goodness?"

To the music of the band, the bells, the marrow-bones, and cleavers, all at once; and while the Chimes were yet in lusty operation out of doors; Trotty, making Meg and Richard second couple, led off Mrs. Chickenstalker down the dance, and danced it in a step unknown before or since, founded on his own peculiar trot.

Had Trotty dreamed? Or are his joys and sorrows, and the actors in them, but a dream; himself a dream; the teller of this tale a dreamer, waking but now! If it be so, oh Listener, dear to him in all his visions, try to bear in mind the stern realities from which these Shadows come; and in your sphere—none is too wide, and none is too limited for such an end—endeavor to correct, improve, and soften them. So may the New Year be a Happy one to You, Happy to many more whose Happiness depends on You! So may each Year be happier than the last, and not the meanest of our brethren or sisterhood debarred their rightful share, in what our Great Creator formed them to enjoy.

From the London Morning Post.

THE ÆOLIAN ATTACHMENT.

This is the name which the ingenious inventor, (Mr. Coleman, a native of Nantucket,) has affixed to one of those musical *desiderata* which have been rather hoped for than expected. All pianists and manufacturers of that instrument have long felt that artistic skill and mechanical ingenuity were vainly essayed to banish that woodiness of sound, and want of sustained vibration that attended the emission of its tone. "The Æolian Attachment" not only removes the evils that are inherent to the pianoforte, but imparts to it a distinctive vibratory and sustaining power, combining the rich volume and swell of the organ with the passionate intensity and pathetic tenderness elicited from an Amiti, or a Straduarius, by a gifted violinist. By the aid of this invention, the dominant vibration may be sustained during the execution of the most difficult passages, and yet there is the most perfect assimilation of sound; indeed, not only is the necessary balance never destroyed, but the general quality of tone is improved. The power of the lower portion of the pianoforte may be increased to that of the lower double C of an organ pipe of thirty-two feet. But the principal advantage is gained in the middle region of the instrument—and here the most delicate shades of feeling may be expressed—the white and black keys seem instinct with human passion, and all the various emotions which the most accomplished violinist can feel and achieve, are placed beneath the fingers and at the command of the performer. And yet the piano-forte is not bereft of its peculiar nature; all its usual resources remain undisturbed; and so perfect is the application of the invention, that it is adapted to every class of pianoforte, large or small, square or upright, thin and poor, powerful and brilliant. Like the soul of harmony it lies concealed within, and its voice is alone evoked at the will of the performer. Its only external sign is an extra pedal, and the slightest pressure is ample to draw forth the vocal power. Independently of this, it is capable of yielding a variety of instrumental effects, and must ultimately create an entire revolution in pianoforte writing and playing. Its great advantages and the value of the invention, were made manifest by the exquisite playing and fine improvisation of M. Jules Benedict, a musician whose single testimony is an all-sufficient warranty of its great merits.

GOOD LUCK.—Coleman has sold his patent Æolian Attachment to the Pianoforte, in Europe, for $600,000.

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